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THE TURKISH BLUE-BOOK.

ALTHOUGH it is convenient that the voluminous Correspondence on the affairs of Turkey should be published in a collective form, by far the greater part of the information contained in the Blue-book was already known. The text of the instructions given to Lord SALISBURY forms the most important exception; and, in connexion with the subsequent approval of his proceedings by the Cabinet, these instructions furnish an ample justification of his conduct. The Turkish Government had previously received full notice that it could expect no support from England beyond the efforts to satisfy Russia, of which the proposal to hold a Conference was the most essential part. As might have been expected, the Correspondence throws no additional light on the reasons which induced the Porte to reject the proposals of the Powers. It was superfluous to prove the falsehood of malicious statements that Sir HENRY ELLIOT had encouraged the Turkish Ministers in their resistance. The story was invented during the sittings of the Conference by his personal enemies, in accordance with similar communications which had been, perhaps under a delusion, forwarded on previous occasions by General IGNAEFF to his Government. It appears that the English AMBASSADOR, with the loyalty befitting his official rank and his character, earnestly pressed on the Porte the expediency of conceding the demands of the Conference. It is true that he had, in the discharge of his duty, expressed to Lord DERBY the opinion that it would be unwise to deprive the SULTAN of any part of his authority in the disturbed provinces; but throughout a difficult crisis he carefully abstained from the use of any language which might be inconsistent with the policy of the Government. He was long since as fully convinced as Sir W. HARCOURT himself that the Turks were utterly incapable without foreign aid of repelling the attack of Russia. Even as a well-wisher to Turkey, he could not but approve of a conciliatory policy which might avert the hostility of a superior enemy.

In one of his letters to Lord DERBY Lord SALISBURY expresses his belief that the SULTAN was only prevented by the adverse opinion of the GRAND VIZIER from accepting the proposals. If the conjecture is well founded, some means may perhaps be found of reopening the negotiation; and some at least of the Powers would not be disposed to meet overtures on the part of Turkey by metaphorical references to the Sibylline books. There are many indications in the published papers of the reluctance with which Austria accepted Lord DERBY's original proposals. If Count ANDRASSY had any share in dictating the answer of the Sibyl, he would probably be inclined rather to moderate than to raise the original conditions. It would be desirable for all parties, not excluding Russia, that some kind of agreement should be patched up, even at the latest moment. MIDHAT PASHA was guilty of a grave error of judgment in preferring the frightful risk of a single-handed contest with Russia to the distasteful intervention of foreign Powers in the internal administration of the Empire. The logical force of some of his arguments supplies no excuse for his rashness. It was useless to prove that the Conference had not kept within the limits of Lord DERBY's project when the English AMBASSADOR, with the sanction of his Government, concurred in the Russian demand of guarantees. It was true that in Lord DERBY's bases of pacification, which are repeated in many different despatches, there was no mention of an International Com-

mission, or even of the stipulation that Governors-General should be appointed with the assent of the Powers. Lord DERBY had required that the Porte should bind itself by the signature of a Protocol to grant to Bosnia and Herzegovina a system of local institutions which he infelicitously described by the name of autonomy. He added the demand that "guarantees of a similar kind" should be provided against maladministration in Bulgaria. In other words, the same form of provincial administration was to be secured by an undertaking in the form of a Protocol. In the instructions to Lord SALISBURY Lord DERBY states that the Turkish Government has made strong objections both to signing a Protocol and to the grant of administrative autonomy to the provinces. Lord SALISBURY is instructed to inform the Porte that the objections which he recapitulates cannot be entertained. In the same able and comprehensive State Paper the suggestion that the appointment of Governors-General should be subject to the approval of the Powers occurs for the first time; but the proposed interference is to be exercised through the Ambassadors, and there is still no mention of an International Commission. An additional proof that the English Government had no such measure in contemplation is furnished by the remark that the Porte could at its pleasure extend to other provinces any scheme of administration which the Conference might adopt for Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria. It is evident that the Turkish Government could not be expected to introduce into other provinces the authority of an International Commission; and therefore Lord DERBY must have then contemplated a provincial Government which was to be administered by Turkish authorities. Lord DERBY accurately shows that nearly all the measures recommended in the instructions are virtually contained in the ANDRASSY Note, which the Porte had already accepted, or in some of the various decrees which had been issued at different times in the name of the SULTAN. It is certain that neither the ANDRASSY Note nor any Imperial decree referred to an International Commission.

The measure was first proposed by General IGNAEFF to Lord SALISBURY, who reports the communication by telegraph on the 8th of December, with the remark that "the last demand," apparently including that of the International Commission, causes the greatest difficulty. Lord SALISBURY had not at that time encouraged the plan, though it was of course his duty to report it. At a later period in the full Conference Lord SALISBURY contended that the so-called guarantees were included in the English bases of pacification; but he seems to have been misled by the occurrence in Lord DERBY's project of the word "guarantees," which was then used in a different sense. As the Plenipotentiaries were unanimous in their approval of the guarantees, and as the English Government adopted Lord SALISBURY's language, there is a strong presumption in favour of the expediency of the demand. The difference between the earlier and the later project was analogous to the change of opinion by a magistrate who should first require a defendant to promise not to repeat an assault, and should on maturer reflection order him to enter into recognizances for the performance of his undertaking. A diplomatic negotiation cannot be expected to adhere to the strictness of a forensic conflict. There was much force in Lord SALISBURY's contention that the elective institutions proposed in the ANDRASSY Note had ceased to afford sufficient guarantees for efficacy, in consequence of the irritation caused by subsequent events. If he had expressed

his full opinion, he would perhaps have ridiculed the device of elective bodies in communities which are divided into reciprocally hostile sections. Consul HOLMES, one of the ablest and most experienced of English agents in Turkey, more than once expresses his conviction that the only possible security against a continuance of the present misgovernment is the establishment of an enlightened despotism. If the Turkish provinces were governed like the Punjab or like Oude, a few years would suffice to establish, for the first time in modern history, prosperity, order, and contentment. The object would be most effectually attained by the employment of Anglo-Indian administrators; but General IGNATIEFF's protest against the introduction of English soldiers into Bulgaria shows the impossibility of either conciliating or overruling an opposition which would not be unnatural. The most satisfactory part of the correspondence consists in the illustration which it contains of the harmonious co-operation of nearly all the Powers with England. Both the Austrian and Italian Governments disapproved of the proposal to occupy Bulgaria with Russian troops; and there is no confirmation of the rumour that there was any secret understanding between Italy and Russia. Those who still venture to cherish unworthy suspicions that the Russian Government will persist in the policy which it has uniformly adopted will not be converted from their error either by the benevolent declarations of the EMPEROR, or by General IGNATIEFF's professed anxiety to ensure the adoption of the English proposals. On the 9th of November Lord BEACONFIELD omitted to mention in his speech at Guildhall the Emperor ALEXANDER's pacific conversation with Lord A. LOFTUS. On the 11th the EMPEROR told the Corporation of Moscow that he was ready for war.

TREATY OBLIGATIONS OF 1856.

BY this time the discussion raised by Mr. GLADSTONE will probably have enabled the House of Commons and the country to understand a phrase of Lord DERBY's which might seem to careless readers to require explanation. On the 5th of September Lord DERBY informed Sir H. ELLIOT that any sympathy with Turkey which had been previously felt in England had been completely destroyed by the recent lamentable occurrences in Bulgaria. He added that, in the extreme case of Russia declaring war against Turkey, the English Government would feel it practically impossible to interfere in defence of the Ottoman Empire. "Such an event," Lord DERBY continued, "by which the sympathies of the nation would be brought into direct opposition to its treaty engagements, would place England in a most unsatisfactory, not to say humiliating, position." In his speech on the first night of the Session Lord DERBY stated that, under the treaty of 1856, the Porte had no right to claim the aid of England against a foreign enemy. Mr. GLADSTONE has fastened on an apparent inconsistency without sufficiently considering whether the two statements can be reconciled. He has himself in numerous speeches adopted Lord DERBY's earlier theory that in 1856 England had undertaken to guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey. It was for the purpose of escaping from this unwelcome conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE invented the theory that the treaty was abrogated by the neglect of the SULTAN to perform the promises which he had communicated to the Powers. When he first propounded the excuse for non-performance of a supposed obligation, Mr. GLADSTONE forgot that his own Government had in 1871 formally condoned, by the renewal of the treaty of 1856, any forfeiture which might have been supposed to be incurred by the maladministration of the Porte. Both Lord DERBY and Mr. GLADSTONE used language which was liable to misinterpretation, and perhaps they may both have in some degree confused the habitual policy of England with the liabilities arising from the treaty of 1856. The difference between the two versions of English responsibility is that Lord DERBY's language, even where it was obscure, was perfectly accurate, while Mr. GLADSTONE sought to evade the provisions of treaties by arguments which are wholly untenable. The conduct of Turkey can by no possibility invalidate engagements to which the Porte was not a party.

The only clauses in the general treaty which bear on the question were correctly quoted and rightly understood by Lord DERBY in his speech on the Address. England, France, Austria, Sardinia, and Russia bound themselves to

respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and guaranteed in common, but not severally, the strict observance of that engagement. If the relations of the Porte with any of the Powers were endangered by any misunderstanding, it was agreed that such Power should afford the other contracting parties the opportunity of preventing recourse to extremities by means of mediation. The SULTAN, as a party to the treaty, has a right to the benefit of its provisions; for any want of respect to the independence and territorial integrity of his Empire, and still more a direct attack on his dominions, would be evidently a violation of the treaty. The joint guarantee seems, according to the modern interpretation of treaties, to be nugatory; nor, indeed, could it be contended that it implied a defensive alliance with Turkey. The possibility of a rupture with any single Power was foreseen; and the only provision which applied to such a contingency was the undertaking to give an opportunity of mediation before proceeding to the use of force. A guarantee in all circumstances of Turkish independence would have been absurd; for, if it were literally construed, it would take effect even if Turkey wantonly declared war against Russia. The right of Turkey to demand aid against Russia has, in fact, never been asserted by the Porte itself during the late negotiations. The obligation which Lord DERBY is erroneously supposed to have regarded as absolute is distinctly negated by the conclusion of a separate treaty by England, France, and Austria. If each of the parties to the general treaty had been already bound to defend Turkey against aggression, it would have been superfluous to conclude a separate convention for the same purpose. The language of the tripartite treaty is wholly free from ambiguity. The three Powers jointly and severally guarantee "the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire" recorded in the treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th of "March." Their object, as expressed in the preamble of the treaty, is "to settle among themselves the combined action" "which any infraction of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris would involve on their part." By the Third Article the three Powers agree that any infraction of the stipulations of the treaty shall be regarded as a *casus belli*. "They will come to an understanding with the Sublime Porte as to the measures which have become necessary, and will without delay determine among themselves as to the employment of their naval and military forces."

It is obvious, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE's pertinacious misconstruction of a plain document, both that Turkey in legal language cannot sue on the covenants of the tripartite treaty, and that the treaty itself is still valid and binding. It is indeed impossible to render the provisions of any international engagement wholly independent of the events which may occur in twenty years. France might perhaps raise an equitable defence to a claim by England and Austria for aid in repelling a Russian invasion of Turkey; but the policy of two of the covenanting Powers had not, till lately, changed since 1856; and a year ago a demand by Austria for the execution of the treaty could not have been met by any reasonable objection on the part of England. The feeling of indignation against Turkey, of which Lord DERBY speaks in his despatch of the 5th of September, would perhaps supply a practical, though not a technical, answer to an appeal for aid under the treaty; but it is difficult to dispute the accuracy of the statement that such a proceeding would place England in an unsatisfactory and humiliating position. The case has happily not yet occurred; but Lord DERBY well knew the jealousy with which the Austro-Hungarian Government has throughout the recent crisis watched the insidious and menacing policy of Russia. It was only after hesitation, and when Lord DERBY had explained away the unlucky word "autonomy," that Count ANDRASSY consented to take part in the Conference. He consistently objected to the occupation of Bulgaria by Russian troops; and if the EMPEROR and General IGNATIEFF had persisted in the scheme, it is highly probable that Austria would have resisted by force a virtual invasion of Turkey. In that case a demand for English co-operation could only have been rejected on the unsatisfactory and humiliating ground that the sympathies of the English nation had been diverted from Turkey by the Bulgarian outrages. It must be remembered that the genuine, though sometimes unseasonable, benevolence of Mr. GLADSTONE's followers has never been appreciated, or even understood, in any part of the Continent. The

Austrians, who have no St. James's Hall, would have fairly reminded the English Government that the tripartite treaty was concluded, not for sentimental reasons of sympathy with the Turks, but as a security against Russian ambition.

In a week or two the ingenuity exercised by Opposition members in picking holes in Lord DERBY's despatch will either have exhausted itself or have wearied the House of Commons. For some time past it has been clearly understood that the only material issue on which Parliament has to decide is not whether mistakes have been committed, or whether Turkey is to be protected against Russia, but whether it is just or expedient to join Russia in an armed intervention in the domestic affairs of the Ottoman Empire. It is of secondary importance to determine the legal right of coercion which, according to Sir W. HARCOURT and others, results from the rejection by the Porte of the proposals of the Conference. The dangers and anomalies of a repetition of the policy of Navarino afford a more conclusive argument against an unjust and impolitic measure. It is perhaps not even undesirable to consider the risks of disaster which are suggested by Lord A. LOFTUS in one of his despatches as possible. The armament of the forts on the Dardanelles may not improbably have been neglected by the most careless of Governments; but if they are provided with modern heavy artillery, considerable loss might be incurred before the English fleet could anchor before Constantinople. If war was inevitable, the movement would probably be supported by a land force which might take the forts in the rear; but hitherto the advocates of an offensive alliance with Russia have assumed that the share of England in the war would be confined to naval operations. There is no doubt that the enterprise of passing the Dardanelles would be practicable, even though it might present unforeseen difficulties; but the real question would arise when the English fleet was in the Bosphorus or the Black Sea, if the Porte still refused to concede the demands of its enemies. The more violent adherents of Russian policy would rejoice in the destruction of the Turkish fleet, though even the most benevolent enthusiasts might perhaps shrink from a murderous bombardment of Constantinople. With the restoration to Russia of maritime preponderance over Turkey the task of England would be at an end. The rest of the undertaking would devolve on the Russian army, which would have been spared, at the expense of a rival, much delay and inconvenience. If some of the provinces of Turkey were not definitively conquered, the preservation of the integrity of the Empire would be due to the possible interference of Austria. A reference to the obligations of England under the tripartite treaty would then provoke the reply, not only that England was indisposed to fulfil the obligations of the treaty, but that its power had already been thrown into the opposite scale. An unjust war has seldom been so demonstrably inexpedient.

THE PRISONS BILL.

WHEN the Prisons Bill was withdrawn last Session, Lord BEACONSFIELD dismissed it with a polite assurance that it would find an excellent welcome in the country during the recess. At that time probably the PRIME MINISTER cared very little whether the country liked or disliked the Bill. If his prediction had proved untrue, it would have been easy to let the subject drop; while, if he turned out to be right, the Government would get the credit of cherishing a just confidence in the soundness of their own proposals. As it happened, the measure had more vitality than Lord BEACONSFIELD perhaps believed. Mr. CROSS has always shown considerable aptitude for legislation outside party lines, and the Prisons Bill, though not the most ambitious, is on the whole the best of his efforts in this direction. If it has not the decision and completeness of the Bills which dealt with conspiracy and breach of contract, it involves no doubtful principle. If it is less urgently demanded by circumstances than the Artisans' Dwellings Bill or the Commons Bill, it applies a more thorough cure to the evil which it has to meet. The Prisons Bill shares with the POPE the honour of having Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. WHALLEY as its irreconcilable foes; and the division of labour between them is regulated on the same plan as that which governs their theological action. Mr. NEWDEGATE talks in appropriate sense, and Mr. WHALLEY provides the appropriate foil. Mr. NEWDEGATE is severely

constitutional. He sees in the Bill the stepping-stone to a system of centralization which will reduce this country to the level of France. Mr. WHALLEY is also alive to this danger; but he thinks it of small account as compared with the fact that the Bill will transfer the appointment of prison chaplains to the Home Secretary, who will thus be enabled to force salaried Roman Catholic chaplains upon a Protestant magistracy. The Bill has nothing to fear from objections of this theoretical kind. Centralization is a relative term, and in each instance the question to be considered is whether the advantages or the disadvantages predominate. In the present case the argument in favour of centralization is conclusive. The officials in whom the management of prisons will henceforth be vested will have far larger experience of prisoners than the Visiting Justices. The latter can only know one gaol intimately, the former will know all gaols equally well. Under the existing system the successes of one prison do nothing to lessen the failures of another. An energetic and intelligent body of Visiting Justices may make the discipline of their county gaol exceedingly effective in checking crime, but the condition of the adjoining counties may be positively worse from this very cause. Intending offenders will often avoid the well-managed prison and transact their criminal business across the border, where, owing to the carelessness or wrongheadedness of the magistrates, they can count, in the event of detection, upon being let off with an easy punishment. It does not, it must be remembered, rest with the Judges of Assize only to mete out a term of imprisonment proportionate to the magnitude of a crime. They can but regulate the number of months over which the sentence shall extend; it is the Visiting Justices who determine how these months shall be passed. They settle whether the work shall be hard or easy, the hours of sleep long or short, the dietary pleasantly appetizing or severely wholesome. Their views upon all these matters are perfectly well known in criminal society, and the distinction between popular and unpopular prisons is as marked as the distinction between popular and unpopular hotels. No visitors' book is kept to record favourable criticisms; but each newly released prisoner contributes his *vis à voce* testimony, and in this way an easy gaol soon gets a character which, if magistrates could only hear it, might startle even a benevolent Visiting Justice into a reforming temper. Thus the fault of the existing prison system is not only that it leads to unenlightened treatment of prisoners, but that it leads to great inequalities of treatment, and, as a necessary consequence, to great inequalities of punishment. Twelve months' imprisonment means one thing in one county, and something quite different in the next. Even if the Judges knew the particular reputation of each gaol, and could sentence a criminal to a longer or shorter term according as the discipline was severe or lenient, this would be a great evil, because it would lead to apparent inequality of punishment for identical offences. But when the Judge knows nothing of what goes on inside the prison the case is worse. Instead of an apparent inequality of justice, we have a real inequality.

The debate on the second reading brought into the field a curious array of opponents. In Mr. RYLANDS's opinion the State exists for the sake of the Visiting Justices. Prison discipline must be disregarded, and the repression of crime rendered less effective, rather than that any slight should be offered to these majestic personages. If the treatment of criminals were now being for the first time reduced to shape, it is highly improbable that it would be left to the local authorities to determine the conditions of imprisonment. The arguments used against the present Bill would be equally valid in favour of abolishing Judges of Assize, and remitting the trial of all offences to the magistrates at Quarter Sessions. There are many subjects which are on the whole so much better managed by local authorities that the Government can afford to overlook occasional shortcomings, of which they themselves might equally be guilty in a different direction. But the treatment of prisoners possesses neither of these characteristics. The local authorities cannot manage it otherwise than ill, because they have not the means of investing it with that uniformity which is essential to good prison administration. This want of uniformity will not be reproduced when prisons are transferred to the Secretary of State, except in those occasional instances where it is thought expedient to try an experiment. In all other cases the Prison Commissioners, being

the same body, whether for Lancashire or for Dorsetshire, will administer the same discipline, with only such trifling modifications as the special circumstances of the prison or of its inmates may require. Any risk of unintentional hardship, owing to conceivable ignorance of these special circumstances on the part of the Commissioners, will be guarded against by the provision that the Visiting Justices shall continue to visit the prison at frequent intervals, and hear any complaints which may be made to them by the prisoners. In fact, the function of the Visiting Justices will be the same as it has always been, with the exception that they will recommend changes to the Secretary of State, instead of, as now, introducing them of their own authority. From Mr. RYLANDS's point of view this alteration is no doubt fatal; but on the preferable assumption that Visiting Justices are maintained for the sake of prison discipline, not prison discipline for the sake of the Visiting Justices, it is distinctly an improvement. The Minister to whom the report is made can be brought to book in Parliament if he does not attend to any well-founded complaint, and there is more rather than less chance of an abuse being detected when the Visiting Justices have to criticize the administration of the Prison Commissioners than when critics and administrators were the same persons. With all deference to Mr. RYLANDS and Mr. NEWDEGATE, we greatly doubt whether either the happiness or the importance of the Justices will be in any way lessened by this Bill. The control of prisoners is no necessary part of local self-government. It stands apart from the ordinary administration of local affairs. Hitherto there has been an accidental connexion between the two in the fact that, though the gaol management is a matter of national interest, it is at the same time a matter of local finance. Under the present Bill this one point of contact is removed. The expenses incurred in maintaining prisons and prisoners will be borne by the nation, and the control of prison administration will naturally pass to the nation at the same time.

LORD DERBY ON EXTRADITION.

REASONABLE persons both in England and in America will have been disappointed by Lord DERBY's answer to Lord GRANVILLE on the subject of extradition. It had been supposed that the English Government had on further consideration discovered that its contention was untenable, and that, without unnecessarily acknowledging the error, it had quietly corrected the mistake by surrendering the accused persons in whose case a dispute had arisen. It may perhaps be remembered that one LAWRENCE had been surrendered to the United States under a warrant of extradition on a charge of forgery. It afterwards appeared that he was also accused of other offences, for which it was proposed that he should be prosecuted if he were acquitted on the extradition charge. At the instance of Mr. CROSS, who is paradoxically inclined to limit as far as possible the beneficial practice of extradition, Lord DERBY applied to the American Government for an undertaking that the proceedings against LAWRENCE should be confined to the charge on which he had been surrendered. Mr. HAMILTON FISH, in the name of the PRESIDENT, refused the application, both on the ground that he had no control over the State Courts, and because, according to his interpretation, the provisions of the treaty were unconditional. At the same time the Federal Government, with a laudable desire to avoid causes of irritation, directed the United States attorney not to prosecute LAWRENCE without special orders except on the extradition charge. Mr. PIERREPONT, now American Minister in England, and then Attorney-General of the United States, sharply reprimanded a subordinate officer who had not strictly complied with his first instructions. Unluckily the English Government, dissatisfied with the answer to its communication, refused to surrender two alleged criminals, except on condition that they should only be tried for the crimes set out in the application and the warrant. Even if Lord DERBY and Mr. CROSS had taken a sounder and more liberal view of the theory of extradition, their action would have been hampered by the Act of 1870, which was passed on the recommendation of a Select Committee for the purpose of affording additional protection to foreign refugees. According to some legal opinions, a clause in the Act exempts from its operation cases of extradition under treaties which were already in force; but the con-

struction is doubtful. It is certain both that a Minister of State must obey the municipal law of his own country, and that he cannot use it in derogation of international duties and liabilities. The English Government thought it convenient to adopt the more liberal interpretation of the Act; but it contended that the treaty, though general in its terms, implied an undertaking that extradition should be used only for the purposes expressed on the face of the demand and the warrant.

On the refusal of the English Government to grant unconditional extradition, the American SECRETARY of STATE indignantly protested against a supposed attempt to override a treaty by an Act of Parliament; but he may perhaps have been satisfied by subsequent explanations that no claim of the kind had been made. He showed at great length and with much cogency that a treaty, like any other document, must be interpreted according to its plain language; and he not unreasonably gave notice that his Government would both consider the treaty at an end and refuse in the circumstances to engage in any negotiation for a new arrangement. Lord DERBY persisted for a time in his decision, and both English and American criminals had reason to congratulate themselves on the impunity which seemed likely to attend their unlawful operations. Two or three months ago those who were interested in the efficiency of justice learned with satisfaction and surprise that the English Government had at last surrendered without condition the persons for whom it had formerly attempted to stipulate contingent immunity. The PRESIDENT immediately gave directions, as he afterwards stated in a Message to Congress, that the proper officers should, as formerly, give effect to the treaty. Sir W. HARCOURT, in one of his clever attacks on the Government, quoted Lord DERBY's judicious change of policy in illustration of the blundering propensities which he attributed to the Government. It was indeed difficult to explain the reversal of the previous refusal of surrender except on the supposition that redress was due to repentance. It now appears that Lord DERBY adheres to his former opinion that a surrendered prisoner can only be tried for the extradition crime. It is only because he has heard that LAWRENCE has not been prosecuted except on the original charge that he has resolved to revive the practice of extradition. It is not, he says, his business to anticipate irregularities, or to complain of the American Government for making a claim which it has not actually enforced.

The Government was wrong in seeking to limit the practice of extradition, and it ought, if necessary, to have obtained from Parliament extended powers of surrender. Its present position is still less defensible, though a practical abuse has been temporarily corrected. When it was known that LAWRENCE might perhaps be prosecuted on additional charges, Lord DERBY was not bound to take notice of a contingency which had not occurred. He might have assumed that the American Government would adopt his own interpretation of its rights and duties, until Mr. FISH had formally denied the claim of surrendered prisoners to immunity. The American contention was equivalent to the commission of an act which the English Government considered wrongful. The accident that indictments were afterwards preferred or not preferred against LAWRENCE had no bearing on the controversy. Lord DERBY has now ascertained that LAWRENCE has been tried only on the extradition charge, but he is not aware whether he was convicted or acquitted. If he has, in fact, been found guilty and sentenced, his exemption from ulterior liability is fully explained. A Judge of the Queen's Bench division lately said that a writ of prohibition cannot issue *quia timet* before the Judge of the other Court has assumed jurisdiction. Lord DERBY at first refused to surrender *quia timuit*, but he never adopted Justice MELLOR's reasonable doctrine that it is not necessary to guard against imaginary harm. The PRESIDENT and his SECRETARY of STATE will learn, not without astonishment, that extradition will continue for the present in direct violation of the principles which are still maintained by the English Government, American diplomatists are for the most part both susceptible and energetic, and it may be doubted whether Lord DERBY's official statement will not be resented as readily as a direct refusal of extradition. The Opposition at home, conscious of renewed harmony and vigour, will scarcely fail to note another Ministerial miscarriage. It is indeed not unlikely that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government would have adopted the same course, for the Extradition Act gave effect to Liberal suspicions and jealousies; but one of

the numerous merits of constitutional government is that the party in power is held responsible for all defects either in the law or in national policy.

If both Governments would discuss without passion or prejudice the terms of a new treaty, there ought to be no difficulty in providing for the pursuit of ordinary criminals and for the security of the rapidly diminishing class of alleged political offenders. The only flaw in the American argument was that the treaty, according to the widest interpretation, made no exception in favour of political refugees, whom nevertheless the Government of the United States would assuredly never surrender. The question has become less important since the days when Mr. MILL exerted himself in the Committee for the protection of fugitives from despotic rule. Except Spain, and perhaps Russia, no European State is now in the habit of maintaining abroad a class of political exiles and conspirators. French Communist refugees must be dying out as successive amnesties reduce their numbers. The Americans, to their infinite credit, never even began, after the peace, the persecution of Confederates whom they had incessantly denounced and threatened during the continuance of the Civil War. It would be easy to agree in an Extradition Treaty that either Government should have a right to refuse extradition on the certificate of the Foreign Minister that he considered the surrender, for special reasons, inexpedient. It would be understood that his object was to guard against the abuse of the treaty for political purposes. All ordinary criminals ought to be surrendered with the most cheerful facility. American swindlers are not guests so welcome in England that they ought to be refused to the reclamations of the victims whom they have plundered at home. Although Mr. CROSS's opinion on all questions connected with criminal jurisprudence is entitled to respect, it is difficult to understand his reasons for wishing to afford protection to a foreigner against whom there is a *prima facie* case of guilt. If the alleged forger has also indulged in embezzlement or burglary, he acquires no additional claim to the good offices of the country to which he has escaped. In the earlier part of the correspondence Lord DERBY appeared not to share the jealous solicitude of his colleague. There had been reason to hope, when he assented to the surrender of WINSLOW, that he had reverted to his first opinion.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

WHATEVER other merits Hungarian politicians may possess—and for a good many years they have been the best-praised people in Europe—they cannot be credited with a nice knowledge of times and seasons. They have won so much from Austria that if they had consented to waive their present claims against her in consideration of the critical position of Imperial affairs, it would have been no very wonderful concession. Unless their function in politics is to serve as a terrible example of the inconveniences that can follow from the concession of Home Rule, they ought to know that the situation in Europe is far too serious to make the present an appropriate moment for putting difficulties in the way of a compromise. No Power is more immediately interested in the Eastern question than Austria; and in view of the contingencies which the spring may have in store, there has seldom been a time when anything in the nature of a Hungarian Ministerial crisis should have been more carefully avoided. At best, the conduct of foreign affairs in a monarchy made up of two countries so nearly independent of one another as Austria and Hungary must be a work of very great delicacy; and when, as in the Eastern question, the questions at issue are regarded from opposite points of view by the two halves of the Empire, the difficulties of the Foreign Minister are immeasurably increased. Ordinarily speaking, Count ANDRASSY would only have the statesmen of the two Parliaments to reckon with; but in Austria and Hungary the Eastern question is a matter of keen personal interest to large sections of the population. This state of things is likely to be more or less endurable according as the relations between the two countries in other matters are friendly or unfriendly, and according as the members of the several Ministries have been accustomed to work together. In theory, indeed, the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs is altogether independent of both the Hungarian and the Austrian Cabinets.

He has to do only with the Delegations, and need know nothing of what is going on in the separate Legislatures. But, as a matter of fact, Count ANDRASSY has to take constant account of the state of public feeling both in Hungary and in Austria; and, if he suddenly finds that the relations between the two are embittered by an untimely quarrel, and that he has to deal with Ministers with whose attitude in the Eastern question he has only a general acquaintance, his work will be all the harder.

The immediate occasion of the present Ministerial crisis is the composition of the central Board of Directors of the proposed State Bank. It will be remembered that the Hungarians at first insisted on having a Bank of their own. Hungary, for a country whose independence is still young, has done a good deal of financing; and she thinks that a Bank with the power of issuing inconvertible paper, might be a useful auxiliary in her future experiments in the same tempting direction. After much negotiation it was settled that, instead of a Hungarian Bank and an Austrian Bank, there should be one Austro-Hungarian Bank, with co-ordinate branches at Vienna and at Buda-Pesth. The organization of the Bank was modelled in some degree on the organization of the Empire. Each branch is to have its own Board of Directors, representing the shareholders of that division, and above both there is to be a central Board, to which any acts of the local Boards which affect the common interests of the Bank shall be referred. Upon the composition of this central Board the action of the Bank will greatly depend, and here, after much preliminary fighting, the two Ministries joined issue. The Austrians hold, not unreasonably, that as the Hungarians will be supreme at Buda-Pesth, and as each branch will have very large powers of pledging the whole credit of the institution, the only chance of keeping the Austrian branch solvent is to give it a preponderating representation on the central Board. In opposition to this, the Hungarians demanded that the Austrian and the Hungarian elements in the central Board should be of equal strength. The Hungarian Ministers gave way to the extent of proposing that there should be five Hungarian and five Austrian members on the Board, and that the remaining four members should be chosen by the shareholders, with no restriction as to their nationality. This, however, would have left the objections urged by the National Bank of Vienna substantially unanswered. The Hungarians might find themselves absolutely unfettered in the management of the new Bank, because they would be supreme at Buda-Pesth; and if the Hungarian shareholders happened to be more numerous or more energetic, they would be supreme on the central Board also. Accordingly the Austrian Ministers insisted on keeping the appointment of the four remaining members, so as to secure an Austrian majority in the last resort. The difficulty is that, whichever way the Bill is framed, it seems to have no chance of becoming law. The Austrian Parliament is certain to reject it if any further concessions are made to the Hungarian view; the Hungarian Parliament is certain to reject it if any further concessions are made to the Austrian view.

If the Hungarians had simply desired to make what they consider a proper stand against Austrian encroachments, they had a very much better ground on which to base their resistance than the one which they have finally chosen. All through the autumn they were negotiating a revision of the settlement of 1867, not only as regards the State Bank, but also as regards the Customs duties. Upon this point they seem to have had a really good case against Austria. Hungary is forbidden by the compromise to levy duties on imports. Austria, on the other hand, levies duties on imports many of which are consumed in Hungary. The Hungarians object to this system on two grounds. They have to pay more for the articles consumed without any compensating advantage accruing to the revenue, and they have the painful knowledge that their consumption actually helps Austria to pay her stipulated contribution to the common expenditure. They accordingly asked that the duties levied on articles imported into Austria for consumption in Hungary should be credited to the Hungarian contribution to the common fund, instead of being reckoned as part of the Austrian contribution. A more reasonable request than this it is hard to conceive, and if the Hungarian Cabinet had refused to make any concession upon this point they would have incurred no blame. The responsibility of putting the interests of the Empire in peril would have lain on those who refused a just demand,

not on those who declined to withdraw it. Upon this point, however, the Hungarians gave way, showing, as so often happens, less resolution where they were in the right than obstinacy where they were in the wrong. The conduct of Hungarian finance has not been so successful as to dispose the Austrian public to give them any power of pledging Austrian credit. In this respect the so-called compromise by which the Hungarians gave up the idea of a separate Bank of their own in consideration of having a branch of the State Bank, with large independent powers, established at Buda-Pesth, is probably quite as much disliked at Vienna as the original proposal. Austria and Hungary have managed to make up their quarrels before now, and they may get over this difficulty as they have got over others. But, so long as the disagreement continues, it must necessarily tend to paralyse the external action of the common Government.

MISCELLANEOUS LEGISLATION.

REMARKS on the miscellaneous notices of Bills, motions, and questions in the House of Commons are necessarily desultory. Some members merely propose to revive annual discussions on familiar topics, while others have ingeniously devised new occupation for Parliament. The present Session offers unusual facilities for amateur projects of legislation. The debates on the Eastern question will soon come to an end, unless they derive fresh interest from unexpected events; and it will be impossible to spend much time over a measure for regulating the valuation of property, which is rather useful than novel or exciting. It will be difficult to say anything new about deceased wives' sisters, or about the extension of household suffrage to counties; but the divisions on smaller questions may perhaps add something to the knowledge of political statistics. The Liberal party has enjoyed the good fortune of a popular agitation which has perhaps cemented its union as it has certainly stimulated its energy. The operations of a war, when it has once begun, depend but little on the causes or pretexts by which it may have been originally justified. Pugnacity and ambition become independent motives for a struggle which is determined by the comparative strength of the belligerents rather than by the justice of their cause. Bulgarian atrocities seem at first sight to have but a remote relation to the practical disfranchisement of English tenant-farmers; but Mr. GLADSTONE and his associates have successfully excited the multitude against the Government, and members will be compelled to humour the passions of their constituencies. Successful agitators might be content to enjoy their victory without taunting moderate politicians because they recognize the adverse verdict of the mob. Even the natural position of women will be more plausibly described as electoral disability, while sentiment has, in accordance with the exhortations of the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. GLADSTONE, for the moment superseded conscience and common sense as the rule of political action. Two competing Burial Bills proposed respectively by Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Mr. TALBOT will test the soundness of the alliance which was proclaimed at St. James's Hall between a section of the clergy and the Dissenters; and the Duke of RICHMOND is to attempt on the part of the Government to mediate between contending parties. Sir WILFRED LAWSON himself might have despaired of again interesting the House of Commons in the Permissive Bill if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not opportunely started a competing scheme for vesting public-houses in corporations. Enthusiastic Liberals whose superfluous anti-Turkish energies seek employment in favouring either scheme will do well to recollect that the licensed victuallers care much more for their trade than for oppressed Christians in the East. The Opposition have to some extent succeeded in dividing the clergy; but against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir WILFRED LAWSON the publicans will still present a solid phalanx. They will not object to the division of their adversaries into two sects which will probably display reciprocal hostility in proportion to the similarity of their methods and objects. Mr. COWEN has a third Bill for the substitution of elected county Boards for Justices as licensing authorities. Until the measure is introduced, it remains doubtful whether it may not be intended to operate in the same manner with a Permissive Bill. Mr. WILSON confines himself to the more modest proposal of interfering with Sunday drinking.

Mr. HUBBARD's Bill for amending the law on crossed cheques will create some interest, though the Government will probably adhere to the legislation of last Session. The Judges have for several years exhibited remarkable astuteness, not in facilitating the fraudulent use of cheques, but in proving that the Legislature had not succeeded in discouraging the practice. Last year's Bill throws some impediment in the way of swindlers; and perhaps at last it may become possible to make a payment by letter without risk of theft. Mr. MARTEN proposes two or three Bills of a technical character for the improvement of certain details of law; Mr. GORST raises a larger question by his plan for correcting a supposed failure of justice in the exemption, by the decision of the Judges, of the master of the *Franconia* from English jurisdiction. It may be remembered that some members of the majority intimated an opinion that a ship within three miles of the shore might have been brought within English jurisdiction by municipal legislation; and there can be no doubt that the Court would have given effect to a Parliamentary enactment, even if they had believed its provisions to be inconsistent with international law. Mr. GORST now gives notice of a declaratory Bill to the effect that the power and jurisdiction of HER MAJESTY extend three miles seaward from the coast. Neither the Government nor the House of Commons will be disposed to run the risk of foreign complications by adopting a measure which some Governments would probably regard as a usurpation. Control over foreign ships three miles from shore is not urgently required; and a change, if it is deemed expedient, ought to be preceded by negotiation with other maritime Powers. In the meantime it matters little whether a passing ship on the high seas is three miles or four miles from shore. There are perhaps some foreign officials who would welcome the opportunity of meddling with passing British ships.

The notices which point to ecclesiastical controversies or projects of legislation are fortunately not numerous. The House of Commons will feel but a languid interest in Alderman M'ARTHUR's Resolution about the unsatisfactory state of ecclesiastical matters in Ceylon. Mr. EGERTON's Bill for providing additional facilities for Public Worship is not sufficiently explained by its title. Mr. MCLAREN's scheme for abolishing Church rates in Scotland will be exclusively interesting to his countrymen. Mr. LEATHAM's well-known good will to the Church of England is illustrated by his protest against private patronage, and the consequent sales and purchases which he chooses to describe as simoniacal. Among the friends of the Establishment there is a difference of opinion as to the expediency of private patronage, which is regarded by some zealous ecclesiastics as an undue exercise of lay control, and by those who are commonly denounced for their Erastian propensities as an almost purely beneficial custom. It is difficult to understand why Mr. LEATHAM, as a professed enemy of the Church, should trouble himself with its alleged deflection from an ideal state of ecclesiastical purity. As long as advowsons are private property, they are necessarily subject to sale and purchase; and it is a vulgar error to describe the practice by the epithet "simoniacal." Mr. LEATHAM unconsciously borrows and misapplies a purely ecclesiastical phrase. Mr. NEWDEGATE's well-known Bill for inspecting monastic and conventual institutions has a religious or sectarian motive. Mr. WHALLEY has already asked a question about the deaths of children in Roman Catholic orphanages, which was probably prompted by a suspicion of the dark machinations of the Jesuits; yet the interests of Rome can scarcely be promoted by a diminution of the numbers of the Roman Catholic population.

As Home Rule has not yet been conceded, it is satisfactory to find that Irish members rely on the readiness of an alien Parliament to devote much of its time and attention to Irish matters. Mr. O'CLEARY proposes the establishment in Ireland of Volunteer corps, which may, as he perhaps hopes, emulate the exploits of their predecessors of the same title in 1782. The expediency of arming a part of the Irish population at the national expense will not be generally recognized. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY has a Bill for facilitating the acquisition of the franchise in Ireland; and it may be admitted that at present no electoral change could do much harm. It matters little whether Home Rule members are returned by a larger or smaller constituency. Mr. BIGGAR has another Bill for extending the franchise in Ireland; and it is to be hoped that when

he introduces it he will not speak for four hours. Mr. M'CARTHY DOWNING has given notice on behalf of an absent member of a Bill amending the law relating to the tenure of land in Ireland, probably by the simple process of transferring the freehold from the owner to the occupier. Mr. O'SULLIVAN and Sir J. M'KENNA propose less ambitious measures. Mr. SULLIVAN will divide his party by dealing with the delicate question of intoxicating drink, and Mr. R. SMYTH has already obtained a large majority for the Sunday Closing Bill. The Committee which is to consider the claims of the large Irish towns to Sunday drams will not be authorized to examine the principle of the Bill. Mr. COLLINS intends to reform the Irish municipal franchise, and Mr. MELDON gives notice of a Resolution on the same subject. Mr. M'CARTHY has a Bill for the appropriation of waste lands, and Mr. R. SMYTH has one on tenant-right. Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN desires that Irish Poor Law Guardians should be elected by ballot; and an unnamed member proposes to raise the large question of Irish University education. Other Bills and notices of motion might be added to the list; but it is already long enough. The upper and middle classes in Ireland have reason to congratulate themselves on the exemption which they still enjoy from the mercies of an Irish Parliament. It would be impossible to discover a single instance in which the Home Rule members have paid the smallest regard to their rights or interests.

THE FAMINE AND THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

THE text of the instructions issued by the Government of India to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE on his appointment to a special mission in the distressed districts in the Deccan is less satisfactory than appeared from the telegraphed summary. There is no fault to be found with any of the specific directions contained in the Minute. They in no way exaggerate the economy and the strict supervision which the necessities of the situation demand. But there are two paragraphs dealing with general principles, the second and the twelfth, which are open to exception, at all events on the score of opportuneness. The first of these paragraphs sets out the limitations subject to which the prevention of deaths from famine must be undertaken by the State. Everything is to be done to attain this object, "so far as the resources of the State permit." The Government will spare no efforts "which may be necessary" and practicable with reference to the means at its disposal. "Even for an object of such paramount importance as the preservation of life it is obvious there are limits" which are imposed upon the Government by the facts with which they have to deal. "The task of saving life, irrespective of cost, is one" which it is beyond their power to undertake. If measures of relief were carried on on this principle, "the embarrassment of debt and the weight of taxation consequent on the expenditure thereby involved would soon become more fatal to the country than famine itself." There is much of course to be said against the policy of giving Government help at all in times of famine. But assuming, as we may safely do, that there is no chance of this policy being discarded, the passages which we have quoted seem calculated to exercise a discouraging, if not a paralyzing, influence on the work of relief.

It is true, no doubt, that in the presence of destitution on so tremendous a scale as that of an Indian famine, the utmost economy must and ought to be practised. No rules can be too severe which have the effect of distinguishing between cases of real destitution and cases in which there is great poverty and great suffering, but not absolute destitution. The object of the labour test, and of the various other tests resorted to in the distribution of relief, should be to keep off the list of applicants every one who, if he were not helped by the Government, could still manage to live. But when once these tests have been applied, and the absolutely destitute have been separated from those who desire Government aid in order to live either a little better or a little cheaper than they otherwise could, it seems to us that no middle course can be safely adopted between relieving all who are destitute and refusing relief altogether. The object which the State has in view is not so much the keeping of the people alive as the avoidance of the consequences which may follow upon their fear that they will not be kept alive. It is the old story of the English Poor-law. Economists have

abundance of things to say against the promise involved in the existence of the Poor-law that no one who is willing to submit to the prescribed tests of destitution shall be left to starve; and the only answer to their arguments lies in the plea that, without this security, the destitute class—the class, that is to say, that either is or may at any moment become destitute—would be an intolerable danger to the State. Supposing, however, that the English Poor-law, instead of promising subsistence to every destitute person, only promised it to a certain percentage of destitute persons, it is very doubtful whether the end of a Poor-law would be answered. Though only two men in a hundred might be left to starve, the authorities would incur the hatred, not merely of these two, but of the ninety-eight who did not know whether the fate of the two might not be their fate. It is particularly unfortunate that instructions capable of bearing this interpretation should be issued by the Government of India so soon after they have dealt with a famine in Bengal on quite opposite principles. The substitution of a certain unnamed limit of expenditure in the Deccan for the perfectly unrestricted expenditure ordered in Behar is not unlikely to engender a feeling that what is, as regards the Government of India, the Home Presidency has been treated with especial favour. Nor is it only on the inhabitants of the distressed districts that the effect threatens to be bad. The Government of India imply that there is a certain sum which they will not spend even to preserve life; but they do not state what that sum is. Consequently the local officials will be left to judge for themselves whether they are going beyond their instructions or not. They are to do their best to save life, "so far as the resources of the State admit"; but they are apparently left to judge for themselves what the extent of these resources is, and how soon they may be regarded as exhausted. The stringent, but necessary, exhortations to economy and careful investigation with which the Minute abounds would have been sufficient to check extravagance without this preliminary dissertation on the philosophy of poor relief.

The twelfth paragraph presents nothing that can be quarrelled with apart from the special circumstances under which it was framed. It is perfectly true that, until every province shall, so far as is practicable, be held responsible for meeting the famines from which it may suffer, "the only real security for wise and economical management will be wanting"; and that it is only "when local Governments and local officials understand that the inevitable consequence of unnecessary expenditure will be the imposition of heavy burdens upon their own people, and not upon those of other provinces," that "a powerful and most useful check upon extravagance will have been established." The SECRETARY OF STATE impressed these views upon the Government of India in a despatch which is now some fifteen months old, and the introduction of something in the nature of local rates as a means of meeting local burdens becomes more urgent with every recurrence of severe local distress. Unfortunately, the Government of India seem to have let a whole year pass away without taking any measures to carry out this principle. So far as the Presidencies now visited by famine are concerned, the first intimation of it appears to have been conveyed in a despatch dated the 5th of January, in which the Government of Bombay is informed that, if any works of local or provincial importance are undertaken, "certain rules will be held applicable, which will hereafter be prescribed, in regard to the enforcement of provincial responsibility." In the instructions to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council observes, with much truth, that "this is not a convenient time for entering into a full discussion of these questions"; but he goes on to say that "a considerable portion, if not the whole, of the permanent charges which relief operations now in progress may entail ought to be borne by the Presidencies in which the expenditure is being incurred." It seems open to question whether this notification on the part of the Government of India may not seriously hamper relief operations. To enact that after a certain prescribed date certain carefully prepared provisions shall be put in operation, with the view of introducing into India the relation between taxation and expenditure which underlies the English Poor-law, is one thing; to announce that retrospective regulations to this effect will hereafter be made, and that the burden of meeting local charges will be thrown on the Presidencies before any machinery has been created for the

raising of local funds, is another thing. It is certainly unfortunate that a second famine should have followed so closely on the heels of the famine in Behar; but until the interval between one such calamity and another has been long enough to admit of the preparation and introduction of a proper local Poor-law, it seems premature to give notice that the cost of a famine will be apportioned as though such a law had already been adopted.

THE RAILWAY ACCIDENTS COMMISSION.

THE Royal Commissioners who have been engaged during the last three years in making what has been supposed to be an exhaustive inquiry as to railway accidents do not appear to have discovered anything which was not perfectly well known before, and have failed to arrive at a unanimous opinion as to what ought to be done in order to remedy the notorious evils under which the public has so long been suffering. All the members of the Commission sign the Report, but three of them append dissentient remarks. The Report itself is very much in the same tone which has usually been adopted by Committees and Commissions on this subject. It is true that the Commission of 1865, which had apparently strong sympathies with the railway interest, and took as a starting-point the belief that "no other mode of locomotion ever used by man can show a more satisfactory result" than the railway system of England, argued strongly against any Government interference, on the ground that "it would necessarily check all efforts on the part of the Companies themselves to improve their details of working." But, as a rule, the investigating bodies have been pretty well agreed as to the imperfections and dangers of the system of working adopted by the managers, though they have also been rather oppressed by a sense of the difficulty of touching the mysterious "responsibility" which is supposed to be the great check on the Companies. As far back as 1850 a Committee of the House of Commons reported that the most fruitful cause of railway accidents was "want of punctuality" and "neglect of the enforcement of regulations adopted by the Directors for the safe conduct of traffic"—such neglect being in some cases practised "with the full knowledge of the superior officers of the Companies"; Mr. CARDWELL'S Committee in 1853 also characterized unpunctuality as the chief cause of railway accidents; and even the Commission of 1865 could not deny that it was "a great element of inconvenience and danger." In 1872 the Board of Trade issued a circular in which it asserted that "a large portion of these casualties are due to causes within the control of the Companies." It is not, however, encouraging to find that, though these facts have been demonstrated so conclusively, there have been, as the new Report tells us, "only two practical proposals tending immediately to the prevention of railway accidents—namely, requiring a means of communication between the different parts of trains, and the enforcement of the block system"; and that in neither case down to this hour is either precaution efficiently observed. The evidence collected by the Commission has not yet been published, but it appears from the references to it in the Report to have been decisive as to the gross neglect and mismanagement, which, as a rule, prevail on the railways. The block system, when adopted, is often worked in a fitful, careless way, and its rules are frequently violated. Interlocking points and signals are still wanting in many cases, or are entrusted to incompetent hands. The unpunctuality of trains is a constant habit, which, as the Report says, "is wholly unjustifiable, save from special causes and in exceptional cases." Moreover, in spite of legislation as to communication in trains, the means adopted are in most cases practically useless. Then, again, it is acknowledged that the station accommodation for traffic is insufficient, and "gives rise to serious danger," a large increase of traffic being often introduced without any additional space being provided. The Commissioners lay it down that no train can be considered safely equipped which has not break-power that will stop it within five hundred yards, and that there "are ample means of accomplishing this object with certainty and safety"; yet this vital precaution is almost universally neglected. Further, the Commission has discovered that "a line may continue to be in a thoroughly dangerous condition" without anything being done to mend it until a catastrophe directs attention to the fact.

It cannot be said that there is any novelty in these revelations. Ample information on the subject is at hand in the Reports of the Board of Trade Inspectors, the truth of which is abundantly confirmed by the recent investigation. On the whole, the Commissioners seem to have been anxious to make their Report as mild as possible, as if they wished to please the railway world, and give it a great deal more credit than it deserves for its efforts, which are more a sham than a reality, to improve the present system. Happily, this deficiency is supplied by Mr. GALT, who, taking Captain TYLER as his chief authority, appends an alternative Report, in which the present disgraceful state of things is exposed in a very vivid and emphatic way; and it is to be hoped that this document, which is really the most valuable and important part of the Blue-book, will not be overlooked. Whenever any complaint of this kind is raised it is met on the part of the railway people by the assumption that accidents are almost invariably caused by a human fallibility which cannot be controlled; that the only result of increased precautions is to make the staff reckless through over-confidence; and that it is an unavoidable condition of railway travelling that so many lives should every year be sacrificed as a matter of course. If this were true, the proper course would obviously be to abolish all signals and other precautions, and leave engine-drivers and station-masters to their own discretion; but the truth is that the block system and other arrangements break down simply because they are not systematically and thoroughly carried out, but are constantly neutralized by irregularities of working. It is hardly worth while to answer the foolish as well as callous argument that, after all, only a comparatively small number of victims suffer in this way. This is a reflection which affords no consolation to the persons whose lives are thus endangered, or to their friends and relatives when they are killed or maimed; and it has really nothing to do with the question, which is, not whether the slaughter is great or small, but whether it is preventable. It is impossible to read the Reports of the Board of Trade Inspectors without seeing that a great deal of this risk and consequent injury is preventable, if Railway Directors would only take certain obviously necessary precautions. Colonel HUTCHINSON has stated that in 1873 he found that, out of eighty-five cases of accident which he investigated, thirty-five could either have been mitigated or prevented by continuous breaks in the hands of drivers, which had been expressly recommended by a Parliamentary Committee in 1850. Mr. GALT also quotes Captain TYLER'S opinion in regard to one of the greatest railway catastrophes which ever took place in this country—the collision at Shipton on the Great Eastern two years ago—that, "if the train had been fitted with continuous breaks, it might have been brought to rest without any casualty." The preliminary cause of this disaster was the chronic confusion and unpunctuality of the traffic on this railway. In his Report for 1872 Captain TYLER says:—"It is mainly because sufficient attention has not been paid in past years to the various means of safety that the great Railway Companies of England appear so unfavourably at the head of the accident list. The 238 train-accidents which occurred this year were all of a more or less preventable character. The means of prevention are well known." He also points out that the defects of rolling stock are of the same character, being preventable "under proper conditions of construction, examination, and repair"; and that "the tire-accidents, of all the most inexcusable, might have been avoided simply by the adoption of well-known methods of fastening tires to wheels, which would prevent them flying off in the event of fracture."

Take again a few recent so-called accidents. In the case of that at Radstock on the Midland, the signalman had for fourteen months been working a signal contrary to regulations; and the telegraph clerk, a lad of eighteen, who had other duties to attend to, had authority to despatch trains, and said, "That is how the trains are generally managed." Another telegraph clerk, similarly employed, was fifteen years of age, receiving 7s. a week, and working from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, and on the day of the accident from 6.30 A.M. to 11 P.M. He was left in the office by himself, and in charge of the single line, both as to "speaking" and "block." The district superintendent thought this a "good arrangement," because the boy never complained." The engine-driver of the down special said it was a rule that all such trains should have a pass filled up with the number and time of trains,

but he never knew an instance in which the rule had been kept. In this case a verdict of manslaughter was returned against a station-master; but Captain TYLER has pointed out that, "if he had remained at work he would have been on duty for some eighteen hours," and that the responsibility for the general want of uniformity between the rules and practice, the laxity of discipline and inefficiency, and long hours of servants, rested really on the Superintendent of the line, and, he might have added, on the Directors who connived at these practices. In regard to the Long Ashton accident on the Great Western, it came out that "the off rail rested loosely on the longitudinal sleeper, and the sleeper on the ballast; and the line was not in good level"; and that there had been three accidents to the "Flying Dutchman" owing to defects of the permanent way. There was an accident on a joint-line of the Midland and South-Western, on which, as stated in the *Times*, the sleepers were so rotten that in very many cases they could be broken to pieces between the finger and thumb. Three accidents also occurred at Brierfield, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and the last of these was due to the defective construction of a signal-post, and might have been avoided by the block system or continuous breaks. On account of an accident at Bletchley an engine-driver was dismissed; but Colonel YOLLAND says "the collision must be set down to the Company's faulty arrangements for working excursion traffic, and to the use of hand-signals." Then there is the late fatal accident at Arlesey on the Great Northern, where the interval of space which the block system, if adhered to, could have secured, was reduced to 283 yards, and the time between the shunting of a goods train which stuck on the lines and the arrival of the express was only some three or four minutes. Before the points were opened for the goods train the obstruction should have been given and kept up till the line was clear. And here is an experienced engine-driver's account of the state of the permanent way on one of the great trunk railways:—"There is none that I can say is not fit to travel on; we go over it, but it is very rough. It is unsafe to travel with a high rate of speed; we have limited speed. Where the road is good we travel 45 miles a hour, but other parts at 20 or 25 miles, and 10 miles over bridges under repair. There are some bridges that we consider unsafe to pass over; there is one near Stowmarket, but there is no limit of speed at the bridge; we oscillate about in going over it. Then there are two bridges at Manningtree partly composed of wood and partly of iron, and when you are travelling over the wood it works a little." Perhaps, however, the systematic and persistent adherence of the Companies to the plan of constructing foot-boards, as Captain TYLER describes them, "admirably adapted to cut people to pieces between the train and the platform," is the most striking illustration of the obstinate recklessness with which Railway Directors imperil the lives of passengers.

The chief remedy proposed in the Report of the Commission is to extend the powers of the Board of Trade, under the supervision of a special Court of Appeal. The proper course, however, to be taken with the Companies in regard to such matters, as well as in regard to compensation to railway servants in the case of accidents occurring through mismanagement, is a large question, which we cannot go into now; but it is to be hoped that this picture of the chronic and systematically continued perils of railway travelling as at present carried on will make an impression on the public mind, and compel the Government to take up the question. Even though accidents do not always occur, or do not always kill a great many people, travellers are unjustifiably exposed to accidents which, by care and judgment and careful discipline, are clearly preventable.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

IT is difficult to imagine any fall from greatness more distressing than that of a houseless and homeless obelisk. Cleopatra's Needle has always been a most unlucky monument of Egyptian mechanical skill. After having been hewed out of the granite quarries of Syene at an immense expense in human labour and at some cost to the treasury of Thothmes III., this monolith had for a few hundred years a comparatively prosperous existence at Heliopolis. Rations of bread and wine were offered at its pedestal with proper solemnity, and in a manner highly interesting to the student of the freaks and follies of primitive man. The sides of the monument were inscribed with the names of Tum, the setting,

and of Ra, the rising sun; and if the granite possessed those sentimental sympathies which M. Gantier ascribed to the Luxor stone in Paris, no doubt it thrilled to think that Ra was adored by Man-gaiian Islanders as well as by Egyptians. But monuments, like books, have their individual fortunes, and it was a descent in life when Cleopatra's Needle was sent down the Nile to decorate the Casereum. Since that time the obelisk has had but little peace. First, an earthquake overthrew it in the sand, where it lay unnoticed for a few ages; and then British tars tried to convey it to England in 1801. The Admiralty decided that English sailors had no business with obelisks, and not long afterwards Mehemet Ali offered the thing to the First Gentleman in Europe. Not many years passed before Le Bas had the Luxor obelisk transported to Paris; and, in spite of the efforts of the Egyptian Government, Cleopatra's Needle still cumbers the ground which has been leased, we believe, by some spirited Levantine speculator.

While mourning over the vicissitudes of an obelisk which has come down to the present Egyptian Government, to little men, and to borrowers, it is impossible not to be consoled by the fact that Cleopatra's Needle is to visit England at last. We do not quite understand the description in the *Times* of the mechanism by which this engineering feat is to be accomplished. It is impossible to imitate the plan by which Mitres, the first Egyptian king who erected an obelisk, secured the best services of his engineer. "Fearing lest the engineer should not take sufficient care to proportion the power of the machinery to the weight he had to raise, he ordered his own son to be bound to the apex, more effectually to guarantee the safety of the monument." The new plan, if we have rightly understood it, is to get the obelisk into a round iron box, with a capacious "diaphragm," to roll it over the sands to the sea, and then to float the whole mass, and have it towed to the Thames. This sounds simple, like other great inventions, and more likely to succeed than a scheme suggested last summer, a scheme to which a canal was necessary. The obelisk was to be supported by girders, the sand beneath was to be scooped away, and then a channel was to be cut to the sea, and the stone was to be floated. It is clear that the lessee of the ground would rather have it submitted to the action of a colossal roller than irrigated in the manner suggested.

Sentimental objections have sometimes been raised against robbing Egypt of her Cleopatra's Needle. A nation which has made it necessary for Greece to erect wooden Caryatides, with a horrible resemblance to figure-heads of ships, in place of the genuine marble now in our museums, need not have much delicacy about an unconsidered obelisk. Egypt is so rich in these and similar monuments, her soil is so opulent in the wealth of a buried world, that Mehemet Ali could afford to give us the stone, "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." A flat monument is not an important feature in the Egyptian landscape, nor a feature that will be missed. The Egyptians would not have erected it in this, nor perhaps in the next, generation. It will be safer on the Thames Embankment, in spite of the London roughs who break off the heads of the railings, than in Egypt, where all Mr. Cook's tourists might inscribe their names beside the divine titles of Tum and Ra. Moreover, we have a kind of historical interest in the stone, as a monument of victory in the beginning of the century. A good deal too might be said, and will be said, no doubt, when the monolith comes home, as to the appropriateness of its site in the heart of the capital of England. The hieroglyphs that have kept their clean contour while three Empires rose and fell, while Egypt, Macedon, and Rome played their parts, will make a sort of record of the vanity of greatness in the midst of London. In the thick of modern life the silent inscriptions will speak as impressively as these words on the fragment of the statue of Ozymandias:—"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Our works are much the same as those of Thothmes III. in kind; and no doubt the monolith will see the end of them, keeping its old message while races that cannot read it pass away.

Every one knows that the monument which armies were prevented from bringing home, the gift which the magnificent Prince Regent could not take possession of, has been given to the country by the generosity of a private citizen. To offer a present of this sort is to illustrate the romance of riches. It has often been remarked that very wealthy men seem to be prevented in some unaccountable way from making that large and generous use of their wealth which would convey to every thinking person the power of opulence. Enormous fortunes accumulate and disappear, or are absorbed, no one knows how. Probably much of the money that is made evaporates, so to speak, in the effort to found a family. Perhaps the family dies out, and the remains of the wealth are distributed among a host of very distant connexions. Perhaps the family is set up, and then there is a baronet the more, and another large stupid country house, with its respectable eldest son, its scions in a cavalry regiment, and its influence in the county. *Tantæ molis erat condere gentem*—all that wealth and toil it took to make a county family. The result is unimpeachably useful to the country, and creditable to the founder; but it is not romantic. The end attained is not unique in its magnificence, and the process is very gradual. It seems as if a strange want of invention accompanied the possession of very great wealth. The American millionaires die, and, so to speak, make no sign. Perhaps one cannot expect very original enterprise from a person who has piled up countless dollars by underselling his rivals in the cheese trade, or by laying in cotton-velvet and ribbons in a style of unparalleled audacity.

When a very wealthy man is at the same time generous and

public-spirited, he generally does something useful rather than imposing. He builds a hospital for Consumptive Idiots, which is very like the neighbouring refuge for the destitute Orphans of Welsh Bakers. One greatly daring benefactor is believed to be about to found a large institution for young women on the plan of an Oxford or Cambridge college, and, no doubt, if the scheme is carried out, there will be news of it. But wealth runs, as if by a natural gravitation, into the smoothest channels, the channels of charity and of educational endowment which Pætolus has tunnelled, as it were, for a thousand years. Even the most original and generous of modern benefactors has scattered his gifts, a rich missal here, a gallery of water-colours there, and, much as he has done for taste, has never given the world a thrilling surprise by a great work in the art of expenditure. To give a public park to a large city is generous and sensible, a course highly to be praised; but, when all is done, a little commonplace. One knows that orange-peel will be left lying about in the gritty walks, and ginger-beer bottles under the seats, and that the grass will be worn away by the cricket of the boys. The public park is as useful as a gift can be, but it has not the surprise of an original achievement. Now the present of Mr. Erasmus Wilson to the country is a surprise, a totally new and original thing; and yet only wealth, generosity, good will, and a little invention were needed, and the thing is as good as done.

Unluckily there is much more good will in the world, and there is much more money, than invention. It is hard to make a quite appropriate and acceptable present in private life, and it is much more difficult to find out the gift which will just suit a nation or a city. When one thinks of the dreadful vagaries that excellent rich men might commit, it does not seem desirable to encourage a feeble fancy. London might come to be like a bride laden with ornate clocks and impossible writing-tables in mosaic. In antiquity and in the middle ages liberality had better chances than it has in our day. An Athenian could entertain the city at a feast; but no one except a Lord Mayor would dream now of such coarse hospitality. Gladiatorial shows have long been frowned upon, and even a display of elephants is a civic rather than an artistic entertainment. Nothing in the habits of the English people encourages such romantic shows as those with which the Medici beguiled Florence. One thing perhaps may be suggested. The Obelisk from the Cæsareum had once a golden tip, and a new cap of gold might prevent it from taking

Des pâleurs de nostalgie
Dans cet air qui n'est jamais bleu.

But this would be, at best, an archaeological restoration. To distribute wealth in a poetical way, a man must have a born genius for the occupation, and it is as difficult to suggest any work of what Aristotle might have called the "art of expenditure" as it is impossible to withhold admiration where a great stroke is done. The gift of Cleopatra's Needle is such a stroke, and deserves æsthetic approval, as well as gratitude.

INTERNATIONAL PHONETICS.

THE Phonetics are at us again. We are beset on all sides. On one side is our old friend Mr. E. Jones, B.A., described internationally as "Mr. E. Jones of Liverpool, England," and phonetically as "Jones," "Joanz," and we dare say in other ways as well. On the other hand we have to abide the assault of Mr. Tito Pagliardini, who describes himself as a Roman who knows twelve languages, but who nevertheless condescends to be Head French Master at St. Paul's School, London, and at the Young Men's Christian Association. Between the Briton and the Roman, between Bret-Welsh and Rûm-Welsh, whither is a plain Angle or Saxon to turn himself? At Plataia the Spartans asked to be set opposite to the Thebans, whose manner of warfare they knew, not opposite to the Persians, whom they had never before met. So of the two we tremble more before Mr. Tito Pagliardini than before Mr. E. Jones, B.A. We know something about Britons; we have the hereditary experience of a good many ages in dealing with them. But a Roman is more serious, especially a Roman who knows twelve languages. It might be almost as unwise to dispute with him as to dispute with his countryman who commanded thirty legions. We are, however, a little bit cheered by a doubt which flashes across our mind whether among the twelve languages known to our Roman adversary the language of Rome itself is to be reckoned. We have been favoured, among other papers on the subject, with a discourse by Mr. Pagliardini, read before the Social Science Association so long ago as 1868, in which we read how Phonetics were "ignored thirty years ago—ridiculed as 'Phonetic nuts to crack' twenty years since, and attacked later with true classical and universalist [sic] virulence." We generally know what this kind of thing means, and the more so when we read a page or two further on:—

As to the Historico-Etymological arguments raised against phonetic spelling, and so much dwelt upon—though supported by erudite Dons and Archbishops, they break down on the first examination. Indeed they could only be entertained at all by those whose knowledge of language is confined to Latin and Greek, besides their mother-tongue, of the leading principles of which, however, they are generally in a state of profound, though concealed, ignorance. A few answers to these erudite arguments will be found in the *Phonetic Journal*, Vol. 23 (1864). See "Essays on the Analogy of Languages."

Unhappily we have not these Essays and Journals to turn to; but

we think that the paragraph tells us a little about Mr. Pagliardini and his twelve languages. Then, along with Mr. Pagliardini's more ancient discourse in 1868, we get in the *Times* a little while back a newer discourse, where we read that "Mr. Pagliardini, who said that he was a Roman, could say that the Roman Monks had corrupted the etymology, and from his knowledge of twelve languages he drew illustrations of his argument that the etymological points were nothing." We owe the reporter a grudge for cutting Mr. Pagliardini's speech so short. We should like to have heard some of the illustrations; we should still more like to have learned something about the Roman monks who corrupted the etymology. Are we to infer that, when we decline to spell *poarshen* on the ground that it severs the tie between *portio* and *portion*, our etymological point goes for nothing? Must we hold that the etymology has been corrupted by Roman monks, and that, if we only had manuscripts of the days before there were any monks, we should find instead of *portio* some spelling more nearly akin to *poarshen*? But we owe to the reporter a still deeper grudge for cutting short the speech which Mr. E. Jones, B.A., did not fail to make at the same meeting, in which he "read a long paper upon the subject, prefacing his paper by a criticism upon the journals which had not adopted the views of those who desired to make radical changes in the spelling system." We do not wonder that Mr. Jones's paper was a long one, when even its preface seems to have been of a length which allowed him to criticize, we can hardly be wrong in saying, all the journals in England. We at least do not know of any journal, except doubtless the *Phonetic Journal* itself, which has adopted the views of those who desire to make radical changes in the spelling system. And as we fully feel that we ourselves are somewhat more than negatively guilty, as we feel that we have done something stronger than merely not adopting the views of those who desire to make these radical changes, we know that we deserved, and we have no doubt that we came in for, a share of Mr. Jones's criticisms, and we feel it hard that the reporter has not let us know what those criticisms were. And we feel it all the more, because he has given at some length those parts of Mr. Jones's paper where he brought some elaborate figures to bear upon the Lords of the Council and the Sixth Standard, which we doubt not made those concerned feel very uncomfortable, but with which we have nothing to do.

Shut out then from the spoken discourses of Mr. Jones and Mr. Pagliardini, we are driven to the printed pamphlets with which they, or some of their Phonetic friends, have favoured us. Among these we find the *Proceedings of the International Convention for the Amendment of the English Orthography*, which was new to us, and an article of Professor Max Müller's in the *Fortnightly Review*, which, Mr. Jones may be surprised to learn, was not new to us. At least it was not new to us in the intelligible shape in which it appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, though it looks very new indeed in the queer garb in which it appears, "by the benevolence of Mr. John Coltman, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has given 300*l.* for the production of Tracts on the Spelling Reform." Professor Müller's article is here put into a parti-coloured dress like the official in Uri who has one leg black and the other yellow, some pages being printed in an intelligible fashion, and others in this or that shape of Phonetics. We speak thus vaguely because it seems that there is a Jones-Burns Alphabet, and a Digraphic, and a Pitman, and a Mixed, and we dare say others as well. As for the International Convention which was held at the "Atlas Hotel," Philadelphia, we might be half inclined to quarrel with the word "International." The political relations between the United Kingdom and the United States are doubtless international; but can we rightly apply the word to dealings with a language in which English-speaking people on both sides of the ocean have a common right? But, at all events, if the Convention was international, the inference is that Mr. E. Jones, B.A., of Liverpool, England, is a nation in himself. At all events, no one else from Old England seems to have taken a part in the Philadelphia Convention; and this fact may suggest another question—Was not the Convention international in another sense? What call has Mr. E. Jones to represent England at all, Old or New? Cannot we speakers of English on either side of the ocean see to our own spelling without getting either Britons or Romans to help us?

The really interesting thing in this Philadelphia Convention was the remarks made by a German and a Swedish Professor. We should like to know more about the nature and extent of the changes in Swedish spelling of which Professor Thorden of Upsala speaks. The only specimen he gives is, that words like "philosophy" and "Philadelphia" are spelt with an *f*. If this was all that the Phonetics asked for, their demands would be harmless indeed. There is no reason whatever, except the use of a certain stage of the Latin language, for expressing the Greek ϕ by *ph* rather than *f*. It is a reminder that the word is Greek, and that is all. The Italians always use the *f*; so did our own forefathers, when not only Alfred in his English, but Bæda in his Latin, turned "Phocas" into "Focas." The German Professor, on the other hand, spoke of three points, two of which have really nothing to do with spelling strictly so called, while the one change in spelling is of the mildest kind. It comes to nothing more than to leave out the *h*, which certainly does not seem to be of much use, in such words as *Jahr*, *Mahl*, *prahlen*. History is really in favour of the change. We know that there are some German writers who spell after a fashion frantic enough for Mr. E. Jones himself; but we do not think that Mr. E. Jones will be satisfied if English suffers nothing worse than changes answering to writing *prahlen* in German. The other two changes concern the printer,

not the teacher of spelling. They are to use the Roman type, and to lessen the number of capital letters. In the early editions of Gibbon the "jew" is distinguished from other nations and creeds by being printed with a small initial letter. If Mr. Jones is content to make himself the sacrifice, we could agree to write him "jones," on condition that spelling reform went no further. But we cannot humour him so far as to promote him, according to the suggested scheme, into "Joanz."

At Mr. Jones and Mr. Pagliardini it is hard not to laugh. We wonder whether the Philadelphia Convention did not laugh in its sleeve when Mr. Jones, by way of illustrating reform in English spelling, pronounced—no, "pronounst"—the Lord's Prayer in Welsh. "Ein Tad," we allow, has a grand sound, and "Sanct, sanct, sanct," in the Te Deum has a still grander; but one must be a true Briton to see how "pronouncing" either bears upon English spelling. We turn to wiser men. Bishop Thirlwall is quoted; so is Professor Max Müller. But when we come to examine the arguments of those great scholars, we find that they tell in favour of *tung* and *iland*; they do not tell in favour of "poarshen of guodz." We say again that, if *tung* and *iland* can make their way in the world, we have nothing to say against them; we only doubt whether the gain of the change is worth the trouble of making it. Bishop Thirlwall spoke against unhistorical spelling, and he allowed his colleague in translating Niebuhr to make some changes in an historical direction, as leaving out the intrusive *g* in "foreign" and "sovereign." No saying of his can be quoted in favour of *poarshen*. So with Professor Müller; his arguments are powerful up to a certain point, that is up to the point represented by *tung* and *iland*; when he is called on to turn *Europe* into *Urop*, as some merciless Phonetics demand of him, then he begins to boggle and yields with a rather bad grace. The distinction is an obvious one. Make—that is, let those who like the risk make—any change which brings out the etymology more clearly; make no change by which the etymology is wiped out. One Social Science speaker says that "etymology is the luxury of the few." It is surely the business of those "elementary teachers" about whom Mr. Jones has so much to say to make it the common possession of the many.

One word more. Several speakers and writers are hard, and not unjustly hard, on our way of teaching to spell, by saying over the names of the letters, "C-a-t—Cat," and the like. We have often wondered how the child, being taught to say "See ay tea," makes "See ay tea" into "Cat." But this has nothing to do with spelling. "Cat" can hardly be spelled more phonetically than it is. We might write "Kat"; but "Kayaytea" would be only a slight improvement upon "Seeaytea." One writer indeed indignantly protests against the inconsistency of writing "cat" and "kitten." On behalf of the carl-cat and the queen-cat, we beg leave to say that any difference in the spelling of themselves and their bairns is not their fault or ours. It comes of a twofold cause. A corrupt pronunciation of Latin made *c* soft before certain letters, and another corruption flooded English with Latin words. Left to ourselves, we could write "cittens," and sound it hard; and there would be no fear of confounding "cittens" and "citizens," for we should call the citizens "borough-folk." Mr. Jones still keeps the privilege of sounding *c* hard in *cæpe* and *cæfi*. We envy him; but he and his friends should not mock at us because we are driven to spell the young cat differently from the old one. Our battle is rather with our Roman enemy, the master of twelve languages. We are still in the dark about the Roman monks who corrupted the etymology; but certainly somebody corrupted the Latin pronunciation, and somebody corrupted the English vocabulary. Had Roman-speaking folk let us alone, we might need no greater spelling reform than the mild changes of our High-Dutch kinsfolk—"pralen" for "prahlen"; that is all. And doubtless there are people in Germany, "fortunati nimium," etc., who strain at such a gnat as that, while we have to fight hard lest we are driven to swallow such a portentous camel as "æducaashun."

ST. VALENTINE.

THERE is a curious incongruity in the accidental coincidence this year of St. Valentine's Day with Ash Wednesday, which also, by the way, involves, out of Leap Year, the coincidence of Easter Day with the first of April. Easter does certainly fall unusually early this year; but still the same thing occurred in 1866, and again in 1872—which last, however, was Leap Year—so that it seems a little strange that this peculiar concurrence of fast and festival should not have been foreseen. We do not mean to say that the Church could be expected to rearrange her Calendar out of deference to the time-honoured custom of sending valentines; but only that an occasional and not very infrequent coincidence might have been deemed worthy of some special notice. Thus, for instance, we have an old distich on the coincidence of Lady Day with Good Friday, which recent experience—for it has happened three times within the last forty years—does not happily appear to have verified:—

When our Lord shall fall in our Lady's lap,
England shall suffer a great mishap.

It would not be easy to show that 1842, 1853, or 1865 witnessed any signal humiliation or disaster to our country; but so runs the prediction. Then, again, there is the old Latin couplet about the weather on Candlemas Day, which we quote without

being prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the sentiment any more than for the very questionable scansion of the first line:—

Si sol splendescit, Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

But there is no traditional prediction or comment of any kind on record, so far as we are aware, in regard to the concurrence of Ash Wednesday and St. Valentine, which presents so strange a medley of sacred and secular, or, as some would say, profane, associations. Indeed we are not sure that the origin of the festival itself, in its mundane aspect, is not involved in some obscurity.

If we turn to the most recent authority on the Lives of the Saints, Mr. Baring Gould's account of St. Valentine himself is clear enough. Nor does there seem to be any reason for doubting the historical character of the martyr, whose death is fixed for the year 269, and who is said to have been a priest of the Roman Church, imprisoned under Claudius II. for assisting the martyrs in a time of persecution. While in prison he converted and baptized Asterius, the officer in whose charge he was placed, with all his family; and this roused the indignation of the Emperor, who ordered him to be beaten with clubs and beheaded. His body is still shown in the church of St. Piaxedis at Rome, and his head in the church of St. Sebastian. The great number of relics of St. Valentine preserved elsewhere may be accounted for by the fact of several other persons of the same name, which was a very common one at the time, having suffered during the ages of persecution, one of whom, also mentioned in the martyrology of February 14, was a soldier in Africa. But there seems to be no doubt that the Roman priest who suffered under Claudius, and after whom the Porta Valentina—now the Porta del Popolo—was anciently named, is the saint who has attained an odd kind of celebrity with the youth of modern Europe. Mr. Gould apparently considers any reference to such a subject beneath the dignity of hagiology; but on turning to Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, published "by lawful authority" for the use of English Roman Catholics, we read that, "to abolish the heathen's lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honour of their goddess Februa, Juno, on the 15th of this month, several zealous pastors substituted the names of Saints in billets given on this day." And a reference is added to the Life of St. Francis of Sales, who is stated to have "severely forbidden the custom of valentines, or giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and, to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain Saints for them to honour and imitate in a particular manner." We cannot say how long this pious usage may have lasted at Geneva, but the observance of Valentine's Day is not, we believe, now nearly so popular on the Continent as in England. And we are afraid Alban Butler and the good Bishop would have considered the modern practice of sending valentines to young ladies not much better than the "lewd superstitious custom" of giving the names of girls "to be admired" to young gentlemen, which the former attributes to the heathen. As to the feast of Juno Februa or Febralis, or, as Lemprière puts it, Februa, there seems to be no very distinct consent of authorities. A writer quoted in Hone's *Year Book* endorses the statement of Alban Butler, adding that the feast of Lupercalia was celebrated in February in honour of Juno and Pan. But in Smith's *Mythological Dictionary* no mention is made of any festival of Juno in February, but only of several during the month of April, nor does the *Dictionary of Antiquities* connect her name with the Lupercalia. There is a very old tradition, however, to which Chaucer refers, that the birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day; and hence the query in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

Good morrow, friends. St. Valentine is past;
Begin the wood-birds but to couple now?

The leading idea here, as in the vernal feast of Juno, is evidently the same as that expressed by the Laureate—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But St. Valentine in this climate could bring only the promise of spring, as St. Martin is supposed to recall in November the afterglow of summer.

Whatever may be the historical origin of the celebration, whether heathen or Christian, there can be no doubt of its antiquity. The earliest written valentines extant are said to be by Charles Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, and composed his verses in the Tower, which may still be seen in a folio MS. preserved in the British Museum. There are frequent allusions in Pepys's Diary to the drawing of valentines—the "lewd custom" reprobated by Butler—and in a pecuniary sense the result of the lottery must sometimes have been serious enough. Thus we are told that on one occasion the Duke of York gave Mrs. Stuart, whom he had drawn as his Valentine, a jewel worth 800*l.*, and Lord Mandeville, to whose lot the same lady had fallen, gave her a ring worth 300*l.*, which sums, it must be remembered, have to be multiplied several times to represent their value in our money. This custom of drawing names by lot on St. Valentine's Day is described by a traveller at the close of the last century as prevailing among the village boys and girls in the south of Scotland, and is not unlike the familiar fashion of drawing for Twelfth Day King and Queen. Another and simpler method of arranging partners was for the boy and girl who first met on the morning of the festival to take each other for Valen-

tines. This custom is mentioned in Gay's poems, and we may perhaps detect a reference to it in Ophelia's song:—

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day;
All in the morning betime,
Am I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

We are at all events reminded by Shakspeare's lines of a practice formerly and perhaps still prevailing in some parts of Hertfordshire, and which bears a close analogy to the election of the May Queen. The boys and girls of the village assemble very early in the morning under the windows of the principal personage living there, and sing:—

Good morrow to you, Valentine,
Curl your locks as I do mine,
Two before and three behind;
Good morrow to you, Valentine.

Meanwhile wreaths and love-knots are showered down upon them from the windows, with which they adorn themselves. The girls then choose one of the youngest boys to take the lead, and a procession is formed which passes from house to house singing the same song under the windows of each in turn. In Kent there was a custom of girls burning an uncouth effigy called "the holly boy," stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village boys burnt an "ivy girl," stolen from the girls.

There is a sort of grace, if there is no particular meaning, about these rural customs which can hardly be alleged of the more general observance of the festival through the very prosaic medium of the penny post. It was calculated more than fifty years ago that 200,000 additional letters passed through the Post Office on St. Valentine's Day in London only, and the number has enormously increased since. We are not sure, however, that the growing popularity of Christmas and Easter cards has not done something to abate—we were going to say the nuisance—during the last year or two. A nuisance it undoubtedly is to the postman, and also very often to the unfortunate paterfamilias, who cannot get his letters till two or three hours after the usual time. In some parts of London last year, as an Irishman would express it, there was no first delivery, and the eight o'clock letters came at one. This year there has been some improvement, whether through a diminution of letters or a multiplication of letter-carriers, or both causes combined. Little sympathy is due to old Scrooge's querulous demand to know why the 25th of December should be unlike any other day in the year; but one may not unreasonably complain of the ordinary business and routine of life being annually thrown out of gear on the 14th of February, whether in honour of Juno Februata or St. Valentine. If the modern observance of the day cannot justly be stigmatized as either "lewd" or "superstitious," we may be pardoned for hinting that it is just a little inconvenient. The festival retains its place as a "black letter day" in the Anglican Calendar, which, moreover, has raised St. Valentine to the posthumous dignity of the episcopate. It would be a highly convenient "ritualist" innovation to devise some new method of celebration, combining the piety of the plan introduced by St. Francis with the practical relief of the Post Office.

WHITECHAPEL CHURCH.

THE removal of an ancient monument which was at once a relic of mediæval London and a landmark for the last generation has been planned and carried through without attracting, beyond its immediate neighbourhood, any considerable amount of attention. And yet, in more ways than one, the demolition and rebuilding of Whitechapel Church is an event which deserves some fuller recognition than is accorded by a casual paragraph or two in the corner of a daily paper. If we remember rightly, a much larger measure of public interest was recently supposed to attach to the falling fortunes of Aldgate Pump; and perhaps it would be too much to expect from the somewhat extensive class of presumably educated persons who believe Westminster to be in London that they should be aware of the existence, eastward of the City, of any historical memorial, or of anything whatever except docks, district-visiting Societies, and lucifer-match manufactories. Fifty years ago such a profession of entire ignorance of the East End of London as is now held to be allowable would at least not have been openly made, as it would have implied a want of acquaintance with an important section of English society, and might have been resented by local magnates whose "county" pride is said to be rather above the English average than below it. In the days before railways the great roads into the Eastern Counties were chiefly, and the coast-line routes entirely, "measured from Whitechapel Church," which shared with Shoreditch Church, Hicks's Hall, Tyburn Turnpike, and Hyde Park Corner the position now occupied by the great termini on the northern side of the Thames. From Whitechapel Church to Bow Church—the "St. Mary Stratford Bow" where the bow, or bridge, built by Queen Matilda over the Lea took the place of the "ford of the Street"—the distance is given in the Itineraries as two miles and a half; an intermediate "station" at Mile End being marked as exactly a mile from the starting point, where a group of older houses, to the east of Stepney Green, in a narrower portion of the great street, still indicates the original nucleus of the "hamlet of Mile End Old Town." This, however, is not the true "Mile End," which is exactly a mile from the City wall at Aldgate, and is the site of the old Mile End Gate, while

the "Mile End Green" of Milton's "Tetrachordon" sonnet may still be recognized on London maps on the south of the road between this point and the London Hospital, and Whitechapel Church divides the "mile" midway.

The new church stands upon the site of the old one; and, when its tower and spire, two hundred feet high, are completed, will occupy a position in London architecture as distinctive as that which it has already taken in the history of London churches. For it is something, in days when the pulling down of the churches of the City has become matter of familiar experience, to see for the first time the rebuilding, on its ancient site and on a scale of some magnificence, of an old parish church within sight of the City walls. We believe that no similar revival has been seen in the area which passes under the general name of London. The northern and southern suburbs had already set the example in the restoration of the parish churches of Stoke Newington and Camberwell; but in the more central portion of London Whitechapel has taken the lead. We do not, of course, forget the hearty and energetic effort which restored the churches of Limehouse and Bethnal Green after the fires of 1850 and 1859; but in each of these cases the church was of comparatively recent date, and the restoration was little more than the repairing of the injury which had been caused by the fire. Whitechapel presents a longer history and a much greater work of restoration; and the local press, represented by the *East London Observer*, has recognized the importance of the occasion by the issue of a special supplement, giving an historical account of the parish from its civil and ecclesiastical records. In some matters of detail perhaps the newspaper chronicle might be improved by revision at the writer's leisure; but as a whole it is well worth preserving in a more permanent form. A great part of the historical material which it contains is not, so far as we know, to be met with elsewhere; and in one respect we must confess to having been very agreeably surprised. The underlying spirit of conservatism which usually leads local bodies and their representatives to rest in absolute satisfaction with the *status quo ante* would have prepared us for some expressions of regret for the loss of one of the most hideous specimens of later church architecture which could have been found in the United Kingdom. "William Meggs, Esq.," who lived in the days of King Charles II., appears to have been "principally" responsible for the ungainly edifice "which, scarcely forgotten, presented an appearance difficult to describe. Stone ornaments more like pineapples than anything else; windows quadrangular, oval, circular; port-hole windows surrounded with fretwork; while over all a cantilever cornice, upheld by Corinthian pilasters, relieved the dull red exterior of the edifice." Over the disappearance of this architectural nightmare even the local writer can shed no sentimental tear; and although the tower, in spite of its disguise in stucco, and of its Cyclopean feature in the shape of an illuminated clock, concerning which it is difficult to say whether the hour was more hopelessly undiscoverable by night, when the gas was lighted, or by day, when it was not, was really fourteenth-century work, it had become so thoroughly dilapidated that its preservation was impossible, and as the late rector, Mr. Cohen, explained, "it was taken down for the simple reason that it would not stand up." The original tower had remained when the ancient White Chapel had been taken down in 1673. Of this building, as we learn from the *East London Observer*, "a view is extant," representing it as "not unlike the present church at Bow," which was built in 1311, as a chapel to the mother-church of St. Dunstan, Stepney. The date of the White Chapel was earlier, but cannot be precisely fixed. No mention of it is found in the Valor of Pope Nicholas (1292), "but in 1329, according to the Bishop of London's Register, the parson of Stepney presented Hugo de Fulbourn to the vacant living on the death of Richard de Campeden, who seems to have been the first rector." Almost, if not absolutely, from its earliest foundation, the chapelry lying on the western or city side of the mother-parish of St. Dunstan, Stebonheath, obtained a higher ecclesiastical rank, and a more nearly independent position, than the eastern chapelry on the Essex border, St. Mary-at-Bow. In what way it became known by its popular name as the "White Chapel" is matter of conjecture only; but the conjecture rests on an intelligible basis, which is more than can be said for the origin of the true name of the church, "St. Mary Matfelon." Upon this singular title—which happens also to be an old name for the knapweed, rendered "kill-thief" by Johnson—various guesses have been hazarded, and among others a "derivation from the Syriac Matfel or Matfellon" is quoted from "Strype, the antiquary, who was born in the parish," as "signifying 'she that hath lately brought forth a Son.'" The conjecture that under this quaint Oriental name a London church can have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin "with the Babe in her arms" is more ingenious than probable, and the philological question still remains uncertain; for, although it might be presumed that an extensive tract of land immediately adjoining the City walls would bear some designation, either local or personal, no evidence is known to exist which would connect this title with the land.

The whole area eastward of London as far as the Essex boundary originally belonged to the great parish of Stepney, with the exception of a small portion of land adjacent to the Tower upon which in 1148 St. Katharine's Hospital was founded, and also of the land lying south of the great road at Bow, which was conventual property, and now forms the large parish of Bromley St. Leonard. It had been originally traversed by a Roman way from Shoreditch through Bethnal Green to the "Old

Ford" across the Lea; but this had long been disused, and its great English thoroughfare had become the road from Aldgate to Bow, Stepney Church lying midway and to the south. In the middle of the seventeenth century the chapelry of Bow was a curacy under the mother-church, while St. Mary Matfelon was, as it had been for more than three centuries, a separate rectory, of which the advowson belonged to the rector of Stepney, who claimed the further right of receiving the tithes of the parish. All the other parochial divisions of East London are of a date subsequent to the Restoration. St. Paul's Shadwell was the first, and was formed out of property belonging to the Dean of St. Paul's on the riverside eastward of Wapping Marsh, the presentation vesting in the Dean. Further divisions of the parish were effected after the passing of the Church-Building Act of Queen Anne, and the Rectories of Bow, St. George's-in-the-East, Spitalfields, Limehouse, and Bethnal Green were created out of the parish of Stepney in the course of the last century; that of Poplar being added in the present. To St. Mary Matfelon had from the first been assigned a tract of land lying to the north of the great road as far as Mile End, and the boundary included also a broad strip of waste on the south side, eastward of the church; while from the church the boundary ran nearly due south to the Thames, where the wide peninsula of Wapping was divided into the two hamlets of Wapping-Stepney and Wapping-Whitechapel. Of these the former is now the parish of St. George-in-the-East, while the latter, which in the early part of the seventeenth century was formed into a Chapelry under the mother-church of St. Mary, was afterwards made a distinct parish as St. John of Wapping. The present area of Whitechapel may, therefore, be roughly described as two long strips at right angles to each other, extending eastward and southward from Aldgate, with the church standing in the angle.

Whatever subsequent changes time may have brought about, it is evident that for three or four centuries this position was socially and ecclesiastically one of considerable importance. Standing on the edge of the City, Whitechapel took rank as a City parish, while its near neighbourhood to the Royal Palace of the Tower, and to the Royal foundation and chapel of St. Katharine, closely associated it with the Court. To the east, the great parish of Stepney was covered with episcopal manors, woods, and parks, and with "the country residences of divers of the nobility and other persons of distinction"; and even in 1703, as is shown in an interesting map of the hamlet of Mile End Old Town, the fields and gardens of Stepney stretched to the churchyard wall of Whitechapel, where Fieldgate Street shows the entrance to the footpath still leading, though now through densely peopled streets, direct to Stepney Church. The strip of waste already referred to as lying on the south of the road eastward deserves special mention. In 1703, when its frontage appears to have been considered of little value, it is somewhat disrespectfully described by the Mile End surveyors as "The Dughill"; but it may be recognized in modern maps by the more dignified designation of "The Mount," which survives in Mount Terrace, Eastmount Place, and other local names in the neighbourhood of the London Hospital, and which represents "the fort raised by the Londoners in the time of the Civil Wars for the defence of the great eastern road." The London Hospital occupies a part of this area. In the seventeenth century the houses of wealthy merchants gradually succeeded to the "residences of the nobility," and the parochial records continue to show that Whitechapel was still socially a place of note. Ecclesiastically, the benefice was considerable in value, and was rated in the King's Books at 31*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*, while the benefice of the mother-church at Stepney stands at 40*l.* It would seem as though the parishioners of Whitechapel had resolved that their church should not suffer by contrast from its position outside the City walls; and payments, supposed till recently to stand on the same basis as the City Tithe, were annually levied for the income of the rectory, which in 1772 was estimated at 350*l.*, and fifty years later had reached a very much higher amount. Soon after the presentation of the late Dean of Lichfield to the rectory in 1837 a question was raised as to the real character of these payments, and was decided by a title-suit between the parishioners and the patrons, in the course of which it was shown that the rector of Stepney had anciently levied tithes in Whitechapel as well as in Bow and other portions of the mother-parish; and the Court found that the customary rectorial levy in Whitechapel rested on no foundation of law, but was of the nature of a voluntary payment. The result of this judgment, under the existing circumstances of the parish, has naturally been that the income of the benefice is now very much reduced, although the parishioners have continued to show a hearty and liberal spirit in the matter. The new church has been erected at a cost of about twenty thousand pounds, exclusive of the spire, the addition of which is said to have been delayed for constructional reasons; and the funds have been provided by a munificent donation from Mr. Coope, M.P. for Middlesex, extending to about two-thirds of the total amount, and by other contributions from the parish. Mr. Coope is himself a large owner of property in Whitechapel, where the London business-premises of his firm are situated. One detail of the architectural arrangements of the new church deserves special mention and commendation. For several years past the opportunities afforded by the position of the churchyard have been used with much success for out-door preaching, and an external pulpit has for this purpose been introduced in an angle of the fabric at its western end. "This pulpit," the *East London Observer* reports, "has a very picturesque treatment. The level of the floor

will be about seven feet from the churchyard, and it will be protected by an overhanging roof."

A singular incident belonging to the history of the lately demolished church, and hitherto known in the neighbourhood only by tradition, is now, we believe, for the first time published in detail, and with the additional circumstance that the altarpiece in which the portrait of Kennett, Dean of St. Paul's in Queen Anne's reign, appears as Judas Iscariot, "for a long time lost to view, has been found in the Abbey Church of St. Alban's, where it still exists in good preservation." This unique expression of the "odium theologicum" was devised by Richard Welton, who was rector of Whitechapel at the time of the Sacheverell controversy, and who is said to have engaged Sir James Thornhill to paint the "Last Supper" for an altarpiece in the church, where for a time it remained, till the scandal led to an order from the Bishop of London for its removal. The rector himself was subsequently deprived, and after "ministering to a non-juring congregation in Goodman's Fields," was in 1722 consecrated as "a suffragan bishop, and exercised his functions in Pennsylvania, but was ordered home by writ of Privy Seal in 1725," and died soon afterwards. Another story of historical interest is related at length in the *East London Observer*, in connexion with the memorable entry in the Burial Register of the parish:—"This man was the executioner of Charles the First." Richard Brandon, whose funeral on June 21, 1649, was the occasion of the fierce outburst of popular feeling here described, was "a man out of Rosemary Lane," where "he kept a rag-shop."

The new church was consecrated on the Feast of the Purification; and the event was certainly worthy of a fuller notice than was accorded to it by the dozen lines which related the fact in the *Times* of the following day. This neglect has been, however, amply compensated by the careful historical notice published by the local journalist, whose narrative we commend to the attention of all those of our readers who are interested in the antiquities of London.

THE LISBON TRAMWAYS COMPANY.

THE judgment given by the Common Pleas Division in the case of Twycross v. Grant presents a very clear view of the important question how far the promoters of a joint-stock Company are bound, under the 38th section of the Companies Act of 1867, to disclose the preliminary arrangements upon which the speculation is based. Whether there can be another appeal in this case to the Supreme Court remains for decision; but in the meantime it is worth while to observe the course of the arguments on both sides, and the effect of Lord Coleridge's able and lucid summing-up, in which the other Judges, Justice Grove and Justice Lindley, entirely concurred. The clause of the Act is as follows:—"Every prospectus of a Company, and every notice inviting persons to subscribe for shares in any joint-stock Company, shall specify the dates and names of the parties to any contract entered into by the Company, or by the promoters, directors, or trustees thereof, before the issue of such prospectus or notice, whether subject to adoption by the directors of the Company or otherwise; and any prospectus or notice not specifying the same shall be deemed to be fraudulent on the part of the directors, promoters, or officers of the Company knowingly issuing the same." The declaration of the plaintiff, Mr. Twycross, who had taken shares in the Lisbon Tramways Company on the faith of the prospectus issued by the promoters, set forth that two agreements between Messrs. Clark and Punchard, the contractors for the tramways, and Messrs. Grant and Co., who were to float the Company, and an agreement between the Duke of Saldanha and Messrs. Clark and Punchard, were not mentioned in the prospectus, and charged the defendants with knowingly and fraudulently omitting them; and on this ground the plaintiff claimed the return of the money he had paid for shares, amounting to 700*l.* The material facts of the case appear to be that in the spring of 1871 the Duke of Saldanha, then Minister of Portugal in this country, was possessed of certain concessions for making tramways at Lisbon, and came into communication on the subject with Mr. Albert Grant. In consequence, Messrs. Clark and Punchard on January 3rd drew up a tender for making a line of tramway on the Larmonjat system, from Lisbon to Torres Vedras, and thence to Leiria; and from Lisbon to Cintra, with a subsidiary short line; and the price fixed, including rolling-stock, stations, coal depôts, repairing shops, &c., amounted to 271,000*l.* That tender was soon afterwards raised to 304,000*l.* On the 6th of July, the day on which the Lisbon Tramways Company was registered, a contract was made between it and Messrs. Clark and Punchard to take over all the concessions belonging to the Duke of Saldanha, and to construct the tramways for 309,000*l.*, while at the same time the line originally projected was reduced from about 130 miles to 68. Thus, while the work to be done was cut down, the price to be paid for it was considerably increased. The explanation of this difference in the two accounts proved to be, as Lord Coleridge said in summing up, that it was substantially made up of two sums which were to be paid to Mr. Grant and the Duke of Saldanha respectively, under two contracts the existence of which was not to be disclosed to the public. Messrs. Grant and Co. were to be paid by Messrs. Clark and Punchard, for their services

in using their best endeavours to raise capital for the Company, 40,000*l.* in cash and 5,800*l.* in fully paid-up shares or cash at their option, to be declared within thirty days after the first allotment. There were also some other arrangements between the parties, as that in the event of Clark and Punchard having to take payment for the work in 8 per cent. debentures, Grant and Co. should take one-fourth at the price of 80 per 100; and that Clark and Punchard should take up 4,200 shares at par within thirty days of the first allotment, if required to do so by Grant and Co., on condition that all the shares referred to should not be dealt in or disposed of until the completion of the line. The other contract, of date January 5th, between the Duke of Saldanha and Clark and Punchard, by which, for his concessions, the Duke, who next day became Chairman of the Company, was to receive 6,000*l.* in cash and 10,000*l.* in fully paid-up shares, provided that, in the event of the required capital not being subscribed, or of the applications for allotment not being sufficient to justify allotment, "or in the event of the said Clark and Punchard not obtaining from the said Company a contract for constructing and equipping the said railway," the contract should be void. These shares were also not to be dealt in until the line was completed.

In the end, the project turned out a dead failure; but even at the beginning there were some obviously weak points in it. It turned out that the Duke of Saldanha did not, under his concessions, possess the power to take the traffic into the heart of Lisbon. Then there had been no survey in the first instance, and when one was made it was found that some of the roads were so steep and narrow that either a détourn or widening was necessary; and a large increase of expenditure occurred in various ways. Indeed, Mr. Trevithick, the engineer, reported, on his return from Portugal, decisively against the line; and, on Mr. Grant's advice, the Directors were on the point of resolving to abandon the enterprise and return the subscribers' money. There had, however, been extensive dealings on the Stock Exchange; and, on the representation of one of the brokers of the Company, the Board, concealing the fact that the scheme was known to be abortive, decided to go on with it and procure a settlement. Only a small part of the line was ever made, and this was worked only from July 1873 to September 1874. It was mentioned in the evidence that, except the useless line and the rolling stock, as to which there was some mystery, the assets of the Company were reduced to 13*l.* 2*d.* at one bank and 7*s.* at another. For investors who had their shares left on their hands the speculation was therefore a total loss; and when the case was tried the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff.

Among the incidental features of the case were the provision of directors' qualifications by the promoters, and the *douceurs* to the press, which were cited as a proof of the hollow way in which the Company was got up; but the essential question was as to the contracts above mentioned, and it was with this that Lord Coleridge's judgment chiefly dealt. The argument for the plaintiff was that the secret contracts were an inherent vice in the formation of the Company, seeing that no reasonable person would have ever dreamed of investing in an enterprise established on such a footing, and that if the truth had been known the investment would have been seen to be worthless. There can be little doubt that this would have been the case; but of course the legal question was whether the concealment of the contracts came within the law. Mr. Benjamin, on behalf of Mr. Grant, urged that the prospectus of the Company made known to the public that the property was to be paid for at a certain price; and as to other payments out of that money, these were mere personal and private matters which there was no need to disclose, and the concealment of which could not be regarded as a fraud. Upon this point Lord Coleridge asked, in the course of the argument, "If the fair purchase-money was enhanced by the sum paid to other people, where is the difference?" and the counsel answered that, if all that the Company had to pay was stated, it did not matter how it was divided. Upon this Lord Coleridge remarked:—"Supposing the purchase-money was 480,000*l.*, the real value of the property only 200,000*l.*, and that the vendors contracted to pay certain promoters 280,000*l.*?" But the counsel stuck to his view that, if a man offered to sell for half a million what he had bought for 5,000*l.*, the buyer must exercise his judgment as to its value; and that, as the price was named, there was no misrepresentation. This, however, as Lord Coleridge observed, was clearly a fallacy, the value of the property being misrepresented. Mr. Benjamin then cited the case of a gas patent which had been bought by a man for 65,000*l.*, and sold to a Company for 125,000*l.* in cash and shares, and in which it was held that this was a private matter which need not be disclosed, inasmuch as the seller had a right to name his own price. This, however, was the price actually paid to the owner of the patent, whereas in the Lisbon Tramways case a large part of the sum went to other persons. Mr. Benjamin then analysed the 38th section, and argued that it did not require anything to be put into the prospectus but contracts which were the Company's contracts, or about to become the Company's contracts, and not contracts altogether outside the Company; and the counsel for the other defendants took much the same line.

The Chief Justice, in delivering his judgment, began by pointing out that applicants for shares differed in certain respects from purchasers of other kinds of property, and that there were dangers to which they were more particularly exposed. "All equally ran the risk of buying a comparatively worthless article, and of being misled by untrue representations as to its nature and value; and from risks of this kind no special

legislation was necessary to protect shareholders. The value of a share in a Company, however, depends not only on the circumstances which usually regulate the value of commodities, but also on the persons by whom, and the mode in which, the capital of the Company is to be dealt with; whether, for instance, the money is to be applied to the enterprise itself, or in remunerating, with perhaps lavish extravagance, those who have got it up. Again, it is important to know whether the shares are applied for honestly or only by persons whose only object is to create a fictitious demand for them, and then to get rid of them as soon as they have succeeded in deluding others to take them on the faith of their apparent value." The Chief Justice went on to remark that various investigations which had taken place had shown that there were certain methods commonly in use by promoters to induce persons to take shares in worthless schemes, and to supply the means by which the promoters could enrich themselves. Some of these methods which he enumerated were—to put forth a prospectus giving a fancy description of the enterprise, carefully omitting everything which, if known, would show it to be worthless; to enter into agreements by which the Company should become bound to pay large sums of money to the promoters; to make arrangements for obtaining the command of a large number of shares in the Company, so as to control the distribution and market price of such shares; and to put the management into the hands of the promoters or persons friendly to them. The law as to fraudulent prospectuses was, he added, sufficient to deal with the first of these methods; but there was also an opening for deception by concealed agreements which, under the ordinary law, would not be fraudulent, unless the prospectus contained false statements; and it was to deal with this that the 38th section of the Companies Act of 1867 was passed. The Chief Justice now came to the pith of the question, and laid down the following interpretation of the clause which certainly seems to be in accordance with common sense and the practical bearings of the case:—"Conceding that the contracts to be disclosed must in some way affect the external or internal affairs of the Company, including in that expression its property or prospects, the management of its affairs, and the dealings in shares, the law ought not to be construed as limited to those contracts which impose obligations on the Company; and it may be inferred that the words of the Act were made very general, in order to provide as wide a protection as possible to the public. A statute passed to prevent fraud, and couched in general language, ought to be construed so as to defeat all the frauds which are within the mischief sought to be remedied, and the general language of the statute ought not to be cut down, so as to leave, perhaps, the largest portion of such frauds entirely undefeated. As to the first contract, if the defendants were promoters, it is clearly one which the Act requires to be disclosed; and as to the second, the Duke of Saldanha was not to receive his money unless Clark and Punchard obtained the contract for the works. Both parties had thus a direct interest in getting up the Company quite irrespectively of the probabilities of its ultimate success." He also said:—"There is no evidence whatever that the shares ever had any value except that which resulted from the wrongful acts of the defendants; and it would be contrary to all principle to allow them to take advantage of their own wrong and claim credit for the market price of the shares, when, but for their own concealment of the contracts in question, there is no reason to believe that the shares would have any market value at all." On another point, as to the excuse made for Mr. Grant that he had a *bonâ fide* belief that the contracts in question need not by law be set forth, the Chief Justice remarked that, "as Mr. Grant knew of the prospectus, and as he issued the prospectus knowing that it did not allude to those contracts, the statute applied to him whether he did or did not take a correct view of the law." On these grounds the Court decided against the defendants; and it may be hoped that their interpretation of the law will be maintained as a security to the public.

PAPAL ROME AND ITALIAN ROME.

IF foreign visitors to Rome sympathize with the Romans in its absorption into Italy, it says a good deal for their unselfishness. Papal Rome used to be a very pleasant place, and was altogether unique in its grim picturesqueness. Modern improvements are admirable things, as we might be even more ready to admit than we are, if, like the citizens among the Seven Hills, we were only beginning to appreciate their benefits. But there is no doubt that there seemed to be something of an eternal fitness in the stagnation or retrogression of the Eternal City. You were being prepared for what you were to see from the moment of your landing at Civitâ Vecchia. You disembarked in a seaport of the dead or dying, where the crumbling plaster was falling in flakes from the edifices that had been erected by the munificence of half-forgotten pontiffs. A people in rags huddled about the doors of the tumble-down dwellings that had seen far better days; there was a conspicuous absence of sewers and pavements, or of anything that smacked of sanitary arrangements; and you were beset by professional beggars as you were marched under escort to the Custom House. There, to a man accustomed to the license of free opinion in his own highly favoured land, there was something exceedingly refreshing in the nature of the official examination. Men of the world and of experience of course escaped it by a judiciously offered bribe.

But the innocents had their baggage turned inside out, and all their printed matter and manuscripts thrown aside for searching scrutiny. The Custom-house officers who received the heretics represented a high order of education as things went in the States of the Church. Bibles and Prayer-books, "Murrays" and "Bradshaws," passed scot-free, because, like a modest stock of cigars, they were presumed to be strictly for personal use. But newspapers, periodicals, or anything that bore the aspect of tracts, were relegated inexorably to the *Index Expurgatorius*. The fresh impressions of a search of this kind were intensified in the freer air of the Campagna. After going through divers strange forms and ceremonies, you had been permitted to mount into a carriage if you had been fortunate enough to secure one. A group of tatterdemalion hangers-on of the Dogana had tied on your luggage in a complication of knots worthy of the fastenings of the chest of Ulysses; and your hollow-cheeked postilion wore a barbaric uniform that might have been devised when the Popes were banished to Avignon. But there was abundance of go in the half-broken horses, and you got over the ground at an exhilarating pace. It is true that it was the only thing specially exhilarating in the whole business, unless when now and then one caught a whiff of briny air from the salt marshes and pine woods of the coast. The whole country seemed plague-stricken. Except at the village by the mouldering fort where horses were changed, the only signs of human habitation were some reed-thatched houses that looked like exaggerated ant-heaps. The rare herdsmen who stalked through the fields were dingy spectres draped in sheepskin, and in more advanced stages of decline than your driver. No wonder; for the rank herbage breathed death or disease, especially when the dank vapour rose at nightfall; and the very sheep seemed tainted by the miasma, although the oxen and the buffalo thrived. Probably the drowsy atmosphere lulled you to sleep, when you had taken the precaution of pulling up the window-glasses. You woke up at the gates of Rome, where watchful guardians put you through your facings, so that you had time to admire the vast sweep of the colonnades that embrace the obelisk in the Place of St. Peter. But the gloomy grandeur was that of a city of the dead; and the shadow of the churches dimmed the glitter of the shops as you drove past the phantom-like battlements of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, and crossed the long bridge that is thrown over the yellow Tiber. You never came to an animated quarter like the Parisian boulevards or the London Haymarket. If everything was sad and grim, everything was strictly decorous; and your general impression in the ill-lighted streets was the American's notion of palaces out of repair. You threaded tortuous and stifling thoroughfares on your way to the door of your hotel; where your luggage was discharged by some brigand-looking gentry who had hung themselves on to your carriage in its transit. And brigands they were, in the ransom they demanded for their services, though they were to be beaten down to a trifle if you set your face as a flint.

The next morning and a subsequent residence in the city confirmed the ideas of the night. You lived and breathed under a sense of gloom which gave you all the agreeable sensations of a thrilling mediæval romance. The lively foreign society, with its clubs, its dinners, and its dances, was like the life apart of the heroes and heroines of Boccaccio when they kept up their spirits by banqueting and story-telling under the depression of the plague. When you took your walks abroad, you seemed to be strolling through an indifferently kept graveyard. Southern in their temperament as they were, the people wore a solemn aspect, and looked as if they were preparing for that end of which everything about them was a symbol. To the reflecting mind the savour of the ecclesiastical element was as distinctly pronounced as that of decaying vegetables in the Piazza Navona, of garlic in the unventilated closes, or of promiscuously blended stenches everywhere. As you moved along, "Murray" in hand, you heard the chant of solemn masses and the subdued strains of the sonorous organs from countless churches. You inhaled the faint odours of the incense from the censers that were being swung within. There were soldiers in plenty about—witness the picturesque Papal Carabineers and the mediævally attired Swiss who mounted guard at the Vatican—but if you heard the tramp of a military march, it was sure to be a band of priestly acolytes, under the orders of strait-laced churchmen. The liveliest apparition was the coach of some purple-robed Monseigneur, with the scarlet umbrella on the roof, and the footmen clustering behind. And, as there was an ecclesiastical odour pervading the air, so there was the presence of a dim religious light. In the strip of sky that arched over the lofty streets you merely got flying glimpses at the sun. When you went to admire the treasures of a sculpture gallery, you dived into a range of vaulted catacombs; when you visited the collection of paintings in the palaces, you fancied that the architect of those stately rooms must have drawn out his designs under the terror of a window-tax. Even when you mounted to the sunny slopes of the Pincian, you found that the funeral cypress was the favourite tree; in the bright gardens of the Doria Pamphili Villa you knew that the deadly malaria was in wait for you; and when you rode out over the rolling wastes of the Campagna, you had the best of reasons for being back before nightfall, since the fever that walked in the darkness was dogging the hoofs of your horse. But then, when your spirit became tuned to its surroundings, what a wealth of artistic enjoyment there was! We allude neither to classical associations nor to architectural remains, but merely to striking general effects. Time and the poetical influences of the

climate had been industrious in effacing the ravages of wreckers; and decay took care to drape itself under strangely fascinating coverings. What with mosses and ferns and parasitical creepers, there was hardly a wall, from those of the Colosseum downwards, that might not have furnished a study for an artist. The general practice of neglect—if we may make something very like a bull—the utter absence of whitewash and modern masonry, gave the most squalid quarters a certain dignity. And the open spaces, although they might be rubbish-heaps, were also brightened by patches of wild flowers; and, in short, except among the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, you were never shocked by a sense of staring contrast.

Now, alas! the Italians and their innovations have changed all that. There has been an influx of the Goths and Vandals in the shape of a rush of busy men headed by statesmen and politicians. The contractor has been abroad, and has neither spared nor had pity. They have instituted a free Italian translation of our English Boards of Works; modern models of the *cloaca maxima* have been multiplied; light has been let into the dark places in garish and unsightly gleams; rows of houses and villas have been run up on the old foundations. The monks and priests who seemed as natural a population in Papal Rome as the mites that swarm in a Stilton have been disbanded by decree of the Chambers or confined to the precincts of the Vatican. Much of the still life in Rome must necessarily remain, with its undying memories; but all that gave it its character has been rudely tampered with. Nor does anything bring the change more thoroughly home to one than the altered condition of the famous Carnival. In that time-honoured institution the Queen of the World was easily the first among the cities of the Peninsula. The Church, which could be genially unbending on occasion, fostered the Carnival as one of its cherished ceremonies. For once the frivolous world was encouraged to follow its fancies and fool itself to the top of its bent; for indiscretion found easy absolution in the confessional, involving no more serious consequence than some pecuniary mulct. And the Carnival of old times was a sight to see as well as a pleasure to enjoy, even by those who in a more northerly atmosphere would have regarded it as Bedlam broken loose. For weeks before the tailors and the milliners had their hands full, working hard in anticipation of the coming revels. Those balconies in the Corso which were as good as annuities to their owners were being eagerly run up to fabulous prices. As the time drew near it became as hard to hire a carriage on any terms as it is in London on the eve of the Derby. And when the first of the eventful days did at length arrive, there was an intoxicating buoyancy and exhilaration that was irresistibly contagious. As the fête generally came later in the season than in the present year, one's spirits had been animated by the breath of spring; and there is nothing more sensuously insinuating in the world than the change to spring from the Roman winter. The violets that had come up in a flush all over the Campagna had been swept up into great baskets, and sent to the seat of combat to supply the munitions of war. Although flowers of all kinds were at a premium owing to the excessive demand in that busy harvest-time, the huge bouquets of camellias vended at the street corners seemed preternaturally cheap to strangers from the North. And the costumes, whether got up specially for carnival or otherwise, were visions to wonder at. The faithful but benighted children of the Church had flocked in from the villages on the Alban hills, and the women were glorious in their many-coloured petticoats and bodices, and in the massive ornaments they cherished as heirlooms. They came in carts drawn by garlanded oxen, and in all manner of quaintly decked vehicles. Every man for the time being forgot his calling or stooped from his station. Priests of exalted rank looked on benignantly, lavishing their benedictions on all and sundry. Princes bandied compliments and showers of confetti with pretty peasants; and very possibly the jovial contadino in masquerading attire with whom you engaged in single combat had made free use of his gilded stiletto while following his occupation near his mountain home. And all this went on for many days, with ever-increasing fervour. You passed the time in a feverish whirl of society, and you quitted your carriage and masking party to go a round of visits among your friends in the balconies. Your arms ached with emptying troughs of confetti and clothes-basketsful of violets; as your sides were sore with shouting and laughing, and your eyes and throat were smarting from the lime dust. But although you felt you had had nearly enough of it when you came to the final day of the horse-races, and the closing scene of extinguishing the *moccoletti*, yet it gave the nerves and spirits the fillip they wanted after a winter in a somewhat depressing climate. As for the scene, as we have said, it was uniquely picturesque and one you were sure never to forget. But now the King has come and the Pope is shelved, and Rome as we used to know it in carnival-time might as well be New York or San Francisco. The Constitutional Government, after cutting at the roots of the pageant and frolic, is endeavouring to revive them at the word of command. Shopkeepers and lodging-house keepers have been clamouring for a renewal of the mediæval advertisement that drew so admirably. The result is the prospect of some such *mise en scène* as we might look for at Drury Lane under a liberal and spirited management. Carriages, as we presume, are to be packed with decoys, and sent out promenading. Handsome prizes are to be offered for the best-draped balconies and the most showily-devised equipages. Masks and disguises are to be tolerated under the rigid surveillance of the police; and possibly flowers and confetti, provided on contract by the municipality,

are to be had cheap on application in the proper quarter. We have been in the vaults of the Capuchin convent at Palermo, and witnessed the ghastly effect of corpses tricked out in holiday attire. Rome may have been awakened politically to new life under the influence of new men and institutions; but it is certain that the carnival spirit has been killed, and that trying to resuscitate it is a hollow mockery. More's the pity; for we agree with the Roman poet and the sacred Preacher that there is a time for merriment as for other things.

SENTIMENTAL SHOWMEN.

THERE has lately been a significant collapse, or an imminent tendency to such a fate, in the case of some of our public exhibitions, such as the Alexandra Palace, the Crystal Palace, the Royal Albert Hall, and the Horticultural Gardens; and there seems to be a difficulty on the part of the promoters and admirers of such institutions in imagining what can be the cause of the prevalent malady. The Alexandra Palace has gone into the Bankruptcy Court; and, at a recent meeting of the London Financial Association, which appears to be deeply interested in that unfortunate speculation, a dark picture was drawn of its present position. In announcing the bankruptcy, Mr. Koch, the Chairman, could offer no other consolation than that he thought the Alexandra Palace "would pay very well on a considerable amount of capital, but not possibly upon the present nominal capital"—"nominal capital" is certainly a very delicate way of describing a slough of indebtedness—"and he did not think that any one ever expected it would pay on that capital." Still, "the Palace and grounds might be leased, and the building land must, in course of time, develop in value." He also spoke of "several eminent firms of solicitors, and several cliques of capitalists," who were all looking at the matter; and thought that, by the appointment of a Committee, they would be able to make a better sale than if they allowed the thing to drift away without making an effort to save it. The Committee was, we suppose, appointed, and no doubt did its best; but the sad fact remains that, when the Palace was put up to auction, there was very poor bidding, and it had to be bought in by the owners. Some of the disclosures made at the meeting perhaps help to explain the general indisposition to have anything to do with this pretty piece of property. The Rev. Mr. Rowell on this occasion preached what reads like a funeral sermon, in the course of which he mentioned that the loss on the reconstructed Palace during the seventeen and a half months in which it was open was 64,498*l.*, and yet at the time of these losses they were told that it was a magnificent property. The reverend gentleman also remarked that at the time Messrs. Kelk and Lucas were directors, or were represented on the Board by their nominees, they were sole contractors for the works at the Palace, and, as far as the shareholders knew, they were uncontrolled; and that, whatever share they had had in the concern, he thought they had got a very good return out of the money which they had for contracts. He added that, "till they knew the whole secret of all the transactions in connexion with the Palace, they would never know in what direction their property had been squandered away, or why they were in such a condition that their shares were at 3*l.*" This is a secret which will no doubt much gratify public curiosity when it is revealed; but the similar fate of other enterprises like the Alexandra Palace suggests that there is some common root of rottenness in their condition.

After all, it is very sad to hear that the Palace is quite unsaleable, except perhaps as a site for building, and the melancholy fact is the more distressing when we remember the glowing prospects with which this great institution was introduced to the world. It was, if we remember rightly, to exercise an elevating, moral, and æsthetic influence on the nation; to show British traders how to beat foreign competition; and, incidentally of course, to enrich the shareholders. Indeed we have some recollection of a copy of verses, purporting to have been drawn from a "dry City man" by reading the prospectus of the Company, in which he referred to the source of all these beneficent and lofty projects:—

Then again we are reminded
By all around us that we see,
Of that noble soul departed
Whose delight it was to be
The thoughtful guardian of the people,
Their pastimes, places of resort;
Ever thinking of their welfare—
The great, the good, the Prince Consort!
For the people's elevation
Schools of Art he founded oft,
And lighter pleasures ne'er neglected—
Crystal Palaces were his thought, &c. &c.

Pamphlets in an equally gushing style were also scattered broadcast, the most eloquent of which came from the industrious pen of Mr. Francis Fuller. The Palace, he announced, was to provide for "wholesome and rational education, the cultivation of music, humanizing literature, lectures on the Applied Sciences, natural history, dramatic entertainments," &c. It would, in short, be in some mysterious way "an efficient instrument in promoting the aims of sound statesmanship and honest legislation." Ministers of religion would support it because it would be "constantly winning the masses from vice to virtue"; and women would also

bless it because "all the sentiments and objects that touch most closely the gentle and benignant heart of woman are consulted and cultivated by the plans of the establishment, and it will breast as a floodgate the torrent of folly, debauchery, and vice which pours misery and infamy into myriads of England's homes." To give volume to this chorus, a prize was offered for an essay on the subject, and immense eloquence and ingenuity were expended in depicting the place as a new Eden, only without a serpent. It is to be feared, however, that the serpent, though he assumed a prepossessing disguise, was lurking there all the while, and we fancy we detect the tip of his tail in the announcement that "those who subscribe will secure for themselves and their representatives benefits far exceeding in money value the sum which they have paid for them." The institution was, in fact, to combine all the advantages of a purifying moral recreation-ground, a tontine, an insurance society, and an art-union. A subscriber to the latter could, for a guinea, have a right of drawing in five lotteries, with prizes varying from 2*l.* to 500*l.* Some doubts were expressed at the time whether all this beautiful regeneration of humanity and establishment of the Millennium, with a good income for everybody, would be really accomplished. But who could have imagined such a miserable collapse as that which has happened? Yet even within the last few years, when the prospects of the speculation were growing worse and worse, the same sentimental enthusiasm has been vigorously cultivated as a means of keeping it going. Even the *Times* caught the contagion, and in a leading article denounced "a number of reputed millionaires, some belonging to the land and some to the commercial aristocracy, all, or nearly all, living infinitely within their means, and rolling up colossal accumulations to be squandered sooner or later by spendthrift descendants," because they did not "feel it a duty to imitate the wealthy citizens of the American Republic by founding great public institutions." This is the sort of talk which has been the ruin of the Alexandra Palace and similar undertakings. These have all been attempting to get money by playing on popular sympathies, and not by a steady, business-like supply of what people wanted. It has now been discovered that an utterly mismanaged exhibition will not be charitably supported by the public out of respect for the memory of the late Prince Consort.

When we contemplate the present position of the Crystal Palace, these reflections are strongly confirmed. This concern is not yet in the Bankruptcy Court, but it is evidently very near its last gasp. A large body of shareholders are at war with the Directors; and, though the feud may be momentarily patched up, there is every possibility of another explosion at any moment. Mr. Hughes, who has been Chairman of the Company for ten years, was very much blamed the other day at a meeting of the shareholders for the general mismanagement for which he has been deemed responsible. Among other bad names, he had, it seems, been called a sentimentalist, and he admitted the soft impeachment, but argued that, if he had not been a sentimentalist, but simply a business man at the head of the Company, it would soon have lost that warm regard which was still generally manifested for this institution; and he cited as a proof of this the meeting got up at the Mansion House last week for the purpose of supporting a new scheme for keeping up the Crystal Palace, when "it was repeatedly said that it had such claims on the English people that it must not be allowed to be broken up and go to pieces because it could not be made a success by a trading Company." There can be no doubt, however, that, though the Crystal Palace was brought before the world with an immense outpouring of that sort of fine language about the regeneration and elevation of the human species which had been developed by the first Great Exhibition, it was at the same time distinctly a trading Company, and the contractors and other leading promoters expected to make a good thing out of it. But it has, unfortunately, never got rid of its original taint, and the cant and humbug of its pretensions to be something quite above the ordinary level of humanity, while it was in fact grubbing away with an eye to dividends, like the commonest worm in the City, sickened all reasonable people. Moreover, in the construction of the Crystal Palace practical considerations were very much disregarded. A more absurd and preposterous building for permanent use was never dreamt of. The first Crystal Palace was suitable enough for its temporary purpose; but the one at Sydenham has for years eaten its head off in glaziers' bills and other repairs. In wet weather the building now reminds us of the line which Sheridan said was the only one he could understand in Coleridge's tragedy:—

Drip! drip! drip! there's nothing here but dripping.

Then the planks of the flooring were laid the wrong way, so that to walk up and down half an hour in the Crystal Palace is, on account of the strain, infinitely more fatiguing to the legs than ten miles on a good road; and there was also a great deal of blundering, as well as extravagance, in other ways. The burning down of part of the Palace was a providential blessing to the shareholders, and it is a pity that more of it was not consumed or afterwards pulled down. Both the building and the grounds are unnecessarily large for the requirements of the public, except on one or two occasions in a year; and the comfort of regular visitors is sacrificed to this exceptional accommodation for the mob. The sentimental humbug which has always characterized this establishment is strikingly illustrated in the new movement. Mr. Hughes has announced that the concern has been "played out" as regards the way in which it has hitherto been managed;

and the hopes of the new party who wish to take it in hand seem to be chiefly based on the magic of a system of gambling for profits in the form of art lotteries. Last year a pamphlet explaining this scheme was published, apparently under the auspices of the great—perhaps we should add, in accordance with the common formula, and good—Mr. Francis Fuller, to whom, as we learn from this publication, “without disparagement of the services of the illustrious dead or living,” the country is mainly indebted “for the good, the mighty good,” which it has derived from the event of 1851 and its developments. The Exhibition of 1851, and perhaps that of 1862, were no doubt useful in their way; but the latter was discredited by impudent jobbery, and the subsequent “developments” have uniformly taken the form of clap-trap and imposture. The pamphlet in question explains the nature of the singular art-union proposed. It is, in fact, substantially the same as that devised for the Alexandra Palace, and consists in tempting people to take guinea shares for the sake of securing prizes “of money, to be spent, according to the option of a prize-holder, either in objects strictly of fine art,” or in household furniture, silks, satins, poplins, and other fabrics for ladies’ dresses, or, “in fact, any article in any kind of material, which in form and colour is entitled”—or perhaps may be pretended—“to be considered a work of art.” At the same time the system will include the benefits of a tontine, and those who do not get presents will at last come in for the Palace itself.

Nothing can, of course, be more ridiculous than the pretensions to missionary effort among savages which have hitherto been systematically paraded on behalf of the Crystal Palace; yet the place is no doubt, on the whole, a useful accommodation to certain classes of the public, and it would be a pity that it should be shut up. But nothing is more certain than that its only chance is for the Directors to give up the inflated professions with which it has been associated, and stick to sound business principles. The excessive royalty which has been imposed on the refreshment contractors has certainly pressed heavily on the working of that department; but if some part of the huge edifice could be made watertight and comfortable, it might, with good music and other entertainments, be a popular promenade. The lesson, however, of this and all similar institutions is written on the face of them. The Albert Hall, which was to be “a centre of institutions for the promotion of science and art,” has never been anything but an ordinary concert-room, haunted by a sepulchral echo, and the managers are now reduced to levy “black mail” in order to keep a roof over their heads. The Horticultural Gardens, which were to “ally the art and science of horticulture with the sister arts of architecture and sculpture,” simply diverts from its lawful uses a tract of public land valued at least at half a million sterling, in order, as is officially and unblushingly admitted, to keep up the rents of speculative builders in the neighbourhood by providing their tenants with a flirting-ground and drinking-bars at a cheap cost. As for the poor Royal Aquarium, which a royal Duke was deluded into “inaugurating,” and which was to be not only a great moral and educational agency for the people, but the most “exclusive and select” resort of the “scientific, fashionable, and artistic world,” and which was also to supply a “safe and profitable” investment, it has naturally sunk to the level which was to be expected from its antecedents.

REORGANIZATION OF THE IRISH LAW COURTS.

THE Bill for the constitution of a Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland was introduced for the third time on Monday night—we hope, with improved chances of becoming law—and with it there was also brought in a Bill for extending the jurisdiction of the Irish County Courts. The former of these measures was first laid before Parliament by the Lord Chancellor so long ago as 1874; but it failed to pass, and was not brought forward in the following year. Last Session, however, Lord Cairns again introduced it with very slight modifications, when it was carried through the Upper House, and even reached Committee in the Commons. But it was once more dropped. Apparently the Government has profited by this experience, for this year the Bill is brought forward in the Lower House. That this improves its chances of success admits of no doubt. Legislation begun in the Lords reaches the Commons at so late a period of the Session that in all probability the conditions under which the Ministerial programme was settled have completely changed, and it is no longer found possible to carry out plans which at the outset seemed practicable enough. A Merchant Shipping Bill may have been mismanaged, and may have excited such a tempest in the country that to ally it everything else is made to give way. Or a Royal Titles Bill may have evoked an opposition which had been totally unforeseen. Or the state of our foreign relations may have become so critical as to leave Parliament little inclination for mere administrative reforms. In any of these contingencies it is evident that measures not pressed forward by a strong popular impulse, however useful they may be, are extremely likely to be abandoned. If, therefore, the Irish Supreme Court of Judicature Bill is to be carried, it must be pushed forward in the early part of the Session.

The Superior Courts in Ireland at their full complement are at present administered by twenty-three Judges. The three Courts of Common Law at their full strength consist each of a Chief and three Puisnes—twelve Judges in all. But there is a vacancy in the Common Pleas, and consequently the existing number of Common

Law Judges is only eleven. In Equity there are five Judges—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, one Vice-Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and a Receiver-Master. The Receiver-Master has jurisdiction over all estates to which Receivers are appointed, and performs very important functions. Of these five Judges three possess only primary jurisdiction; one, the Lord Justice, only appellate jurisdiction; and one, the Lord Chancellor, has a mixed jurisdiction, but his most important functions are appellate. In addition, the Landed Estates Court has two Judges; so has the Bankruptcy Court; while the Probate Court and the Admiralty Court have each one. It is obvious that this judicial staff is absurdly excessive for a country so poor as Ireland, without trade, manufactures, industry, or business of any kind to give rise to complicated, intricate, and difficult legal questions. And, as a matter of fact, the number of the Judges was originally determined, not by the amount of work to be done, but by political considerations. At the time when Ireland possessed a Parliament of its own, it had not, as Canada and the Australian Colonies have, a Cabinet also of its own. Its Executive consisted of a Lord-Lieutenant and a Chief Secretary, both of whom were appointed by the English Government. That is to say, they stood or fell, not according to the decisions of the Irish Parliament, but according to those of the English Parliament. When Lord Rockingham ousted Lord North, the Duke of Portland took the place of the Earl of Carlisle at the head of the Irish Administration. So, again, when the death of Rockingham broke up his Ministry, the Duke of Portland made way for Earl Temple. The Irish Parliament had no hand in bringing about these changes, and it gave its support to successive Viceroys quite irrespectively of the parties they belonged to or the policies they professed. But if the Parliament of Ireland was unable to make the Executive conform to its will, it was manifestly necessary, in order to prevent a deadlock, that the Executive should be able to mould Parliament to its wishes. It attained this end partly by means of nomination boroughs, and partly by means of excessive patronage. To secure Parliamentary support it manufactured offices of all kinds, and of course the judicial Bench was not neglected. The Union by no means put an end to the necessity for this system of jobbery and corruption. On the contrary, it rather increased it. The prolonged continuance of galling religious disabilities, the rapid increase of population, the widespread distress, and the chronic war between landlord and tenant, produced a state of things in which the choice lay between military rule and the preservation of a semblance of constitutional government by wholesale bribery. The latter was preferred. But within the last thirty years a revolution has been effected in Ireland which has at once rendered the old system unnecessary and brought into glaring prominence the excessive multiplication of offices. The vast emigration and the gradual diminution of agrarian outrages have made Ireland the least criminal country in Europe, and consequently have deprived the Common Law Courts of the heaviest part of their work. At the same time the sales of encumbered estates have swept away the most profitable business of the Court of Chancery. The consequence is that even Irish Judges and the Irish Bar are compelled to admit that the Bench is overmanned. The Bill of the Government lays down the same principle, though we are compelled to add that it applies it very sparingly.

The Bill is framed on the same lines as the legislation already adopted in this country. It is proposed to constitute a Supreme Court of four Divisions, each at the first consisting of four Judges. The Queen’s Bench is to remain as at present. But the Common Pleas, which has now only three Judges, is to be reinforced by the transference to it of the Judge of Probate and Matrimonial Causes. He is to continue to try contested Probate and Matrimonial cases alone, and he is to sit in the Common Pleas Division in Banc. He cannot be required to go on Circuit unless he likes, but his successors are to have no option in this matter. As regards the Exchequer Division, the Bill of last year provided that the first vacancy occurring was not to be filled up, and it took power to transfer to this Division one of the Judges of the Bankruptcy Court. It also took power to abolish altogether the Bankruptcy Court, and transfer its jurisdiction to the Exchequer Division of the High Court; but the carrying of these provisions into effect was made dependent upon the grant of bankruptcy jurisdiction to local tribunals in Cork and Belfast. At present the Dublin Bankruptcy Court has sole jurisdiction over all Ireland. If the proposal to which we have referred were carried, this would cease to be the case, and then the bankruptcy jurisdiction for Dublin would be transferred to the Exchequer Division of the High Court, while the provincial jurisdiction would be vested in local tribunals in Cork and Belfast. Assuming all these changes to be effected, the Probate and the Bankruptcy Courts would cease to exist as independent tribunals, and one Judge would be got rid of—or two, if we have regard to the full strength of the Common Pleas. But the present Bill shrinks from even this slight reduction, and preserves the Bankruptcy Court. It takes power, however, not to fill up the first vacancy in each Common Law Court. Coming now to the Chancery Division, we find that it is to consist of the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, and the two Judges of the Landed Estates Court. It is further proposed that the duties of the Receiver-Master shall be discharged by the Judges of the Landed Estates Court, no successor being appointed to the present Master, who is very old. And, lastly, the jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court is to be merged in the High Court. The immediate effect of these proposals, assuming them to be carried, will be to replace the various Superior Courts of primary jurisdiction by a single great tribunal possessed of equitable as well as

Common Law jurisdiction. The ultimate result will be to reduce the number of actually existing Judges by two; but if the power to suppress a judgeship in each Common Law Court should be acted on, the reduction will be five. There remain the two Judges now having appellate jurisdiction—the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Justice. It is proposed that they should be reinforced by a second Lord Justice, and, with the addition of the three chiefs of the Common Law Divisions, form a Court of Intermediate Appeal. There can be no question that such a Court is required. It would be an extreme hardship to deny Irish suitors the right of appeal unless they were prepared to bear the cost of a hearing in London. The composition of the Court, too, seems satisfactory. It will always have three Judges at least, and the permanent members will invariably be in a majority, while it will, when necessary, be able to avail itself of the services of three *ex-officio* Judges. Thus the total reduction in the judicial staff is one, two being taken away and one added.

The second Bill introduced on Monday night supplements the measure which we have just been explaining. It deals with the tribunals which in Ireland are analogous to our English County Courts. There are thirty-three local Judges in Ireland who perform the functions of County Court Judge and Chairman of Quarter Sessions. The Assistant Barristers, or Chairmen of Counties, as they are indifferently called, are divided into three classes, with different rates of salary; they are permitted to practise at the Bar, and they are not required to reside in their districts. Moreover, they have no Equity jurisdiction, and their bankruptcy and Civil Bill jurisdiction is very limited. In addition there are six Recorders, making in all thirty-nine local Judges. The Bill proposes to reduce the number to twenty-one, to equalize and increase salaries, to grant Equity jurisdiction within certain limits, and to extend the existing jurisdiction. Lastly, it forbids the local Judges to practise at the Bar. There are several other proposals relating to the machinery of these Courts, but we need not trouble the reader with them. The important point is that a higher class of Judges is to be provided, that their jurisdiction is to be largely extended, and that access to their Courts is to be facilitated. These are all valuable proposals. In a poor country like Ireland, where the population is almost exclusively agricultural, the legal questions that usually arise present no special difficulty. They mostly depend on well-established precedents. The greater part of the business can therefore be done just as well in local Courts as in Dublin. Moreover, the poverty of litigants and the smallness of the cases forbid an appeal to the higher Courts, and the consequence is that people put up with injustice rather than risk the cost of litigation. In itself, therefore, the Bill is a valuable one; and it is still more so because it will eventually permit a much greater reduction in the staff of the higher Courts than the measure we have above discussed ventures to propose. Indeed this is so well known in the profession that we may be prepared to expect a formidable opposition to the scheme relating to the County Courts. It is universally believed that an extension of the jurisdiction of these Courts will take away much of the little business still transacted in the Four Courts, and consequently the Bill is extremely distasteful to the profession in Ireland. It is to be hoped that the Government will not allow a useful measure of reform to be defeated on grounds entirely irrespective of the interests of the public.

THE THEATRES.

THE dearth of new plays, of which we spoke some time ago, appears likely to continue. Looking down the list of advertisements, and putting pantomimes and burlesques out of the question, we find, with the exception of the *Queen of Connaught*, already noticed, at the Olympic, not one new play of English growth put forward as a staple of attraction. *Our Boys*, which, although by no means the best of Mr. Byron's productions, seems likely to go on as long as the Vaudeville Theatre exists, can hardly be called new, any more than Mr. Wills's *Jane Shore*, which is to be exchanged next week at the Princess's for a revival of the "popular drama" *Lost in London*. At the Opéra Comique Mr. Byron's *Prompter's Box* is advertised as "the fifth Gilbert revival"; and at the Haymarket the new cast of Mr. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea* continues to be attractive. The merit of this rests with Miss Marion Terry and Miss Hodson; for Mr. Harcourt's performance of Pygmalion, the part originally played by Mr. Kendal, has nothing to recommend it. Miss Terry's acting is full of delicacy and a naturalness which in the part she has to play must be especially hard to assume. The author, indeed, has thrown every possible difficulty in the way of the actress who has to give life to the strangely inconsistent character of Galatea. A statue suddenly endowed with life as a woman, and born, as it were, full grown into a world of which she knows nothing, is no doubt in a peculiar position; and it might be difficult to make her for dramatic purposes act completely in accordance with the ignorance that should of right belong to her. At the same time Mr. Gilbert might have avoided the blunder of making Galatea entirely innocent of the meaning of love, while the word "sin" appears to cause her no perplexity. And he might have done well to sacrifice the not very novel satirical description of a soldier as a paid assassin which he has put into Galatea's mouth. In giving this description Galatea displays a knowledge and an ignor-

ance which cannot be reconciled. The soldier who awakens this inexplicable indignation on the part of Galatea is played by Mr. Howe, who appeared in the part five years ago, and is successful now, as then, in giving an air of rough but pleasant manliness to the character, and in speaking his words with the distinct and firm utterance that belongs to the old school of acting. The name given to this character by the author—Leucippe—has so strange a termination for a male Greek name that one cannot help wondering whether it was first suggested to Mr. Gilbert in a French disguise. Mr. Buckstone appears in his old character of Chryso, and delivers with undoubtedly comic effect speeches strangely out of harmony with the general tone of the piece. Cynisca, Pygmalion's wife, who is not unnaturally jealous of Galatea, is now played by Miss Hodson, who succeeds in arousing sympathy with a character which, when the piece was first produced, appeared somewhat repellent. We have already spoken of the art and grace with which Miss Marion Terry makes us as far as possible forget the absurdities of Galatea's character. The matter in which the actress is least happy is one which is perhaps the most difficult of all to master—the management of gesture. This, it may be hoped, increased experience will improve.

Whatever faults may be found with the play of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, it has at least the merit of being a work of some originality, containing much graceful, if some less fortunate, writing, and designed for something better than to make the unskilful laugh. It must be regretted that Mr. Gilbert has descended from the point he reached in *Pygmalion and Galatea* so low as to write *On Bail*, "a farcical comedy in three acts," adapted from *Le Réveillon*, a well-known and intensely funny piece by those prolific authors MM. Meilhac and Halévy. The fun in the original piece depends much upon the comic handling of situations which to English audiences appear too serious to be made the subject of mere trifling. This element has to be removed in the process of adaptation, and with it the gaiety of MM. Meilhac and Halévy has completely disappeared. Apart from this difficulty, there are others equally inherent in the piece. It is passing the bounds of farcical license to represent an English governor of a gaol as coming in person to arrest a man of respectable position, condemned to prison without the option of a fine for a trifling assault, and a barrister coming in full robes to confer with his client in the cells. What might be expected to prove the great difficulty in an English adaptation of *Le Réveillon*, the scene of the réveillon itself, has been surmounted by Mr. Gilbert in a manner more ingenious than satisfactory. Duparquet, the notary, who takes the hero to the supper-party, becomes Mr. Hebblethwaite, the manager of a provincial theatre; and it is in this theatre that the supper takes place. One of the characters introduced in this scene has almost of necessity to be cut out; but that is no reason for introducing another who seems called into existence for the sole purpose of wearing an abnormally tight dress. Prince Yermontoff becomes in *On Bail* the Duke of Darlington; and the grace and skill with which Miss Fanny Josephs plays the part are in striking contrast to the rest of the performance. The part of the man who is "on bail" was in the original played by M. Geoffroy, whose method is as remote as possible from that of Mr. Charles Wyndham, who plays it in the English adaptation. The part was not originally intended to be rattled off in what is called a light comedy manner; and the way in which Mr. Wyndham attempts to do this is by no means happy. Some little time ago we spoke with praise of this actor's performance in *Hot Water* (another adaptation from the French) of a comparatively small part which he went through with commendable vivacity. It would appear from his present performance that the good impression he then produced was due rather to the smallness of the part than to his own excellence. Mr. Wyndham has been frequently praised for the liveliness of his acting, and has fallen into the fatal mistake of thinking that boisterousness will pass for light humour. The scene which he goes through with Mr. Righton in the last act of *On Bail*, which has unfortunately three acts, might possibly not be out of place in a pantomime, but even there could scarcely be found entertaining. We are assured by an advertisement, not apparently extracted from any criticism, that *On Bail* is "a brilliantly written comedy, reflecting the highest credit upon the management and all concerned in the production." It might be interesting to learn who besides MM. Meilhac and Halévy and Mr. Gilbert, who has spoilt their work, were concerned in the production of this "brilliantly written comedy." The credit reflected upon the management is derived, we presume, from its daring in having accepted the piece. The Criterion Theatre has been called the Palais Royal of London. The resemblance does not seem to us to extend further than to the extreme discomfort and danger of the entrances to the house. It is gratifying to be informed that the theatre is not only fire-proof, but can be "emptied in a little over one minute"; but we trust that the worth of this information may never be tested by an excited crowd of men and women struggling from underground up winding stairs.

Last week was marked by the farewell appearance and benefit at the Gaiety of Mr. John Parry, who has in his special line never been surpassed. The late M. Levassor possessed a talent not unlike Mr. Parry's; but, while he had perhaps more of robust comic force, he had not the delicacy of perception and execution that belonged to Mr. Parry. Nor had he that remarkable science and skill in music possessed by the English artist, whose touch upon the piano was exquisite. Mr. John Parry, it may be observed, made his first appearance upon the London stage at the

same time with Mr. Alfred Wigan, and of both fineness of insight and expression has been a distinguishing attribute. Mr. Parry, however, did not like Mr. Alfred Wigan make his mark as an actor, but as one who had the power, not of actually representing one particular person, but of suggesting an infinite variety of people, so that you seemed to see and hear them. When Mr. Parry, sitting at the piano and from time to time illustrating his meaning with delicate snatches of music, described Mrs. Roseleaf's evening party, the listener fancied that he saw the room gradually filling with guests, the airs and graces of the young lady who was asked to sing, the affectations of the dandy who turned over her music, and the whole press and turmoil of a small and crowded drawing-room, all going on at once. With Mr. John Parry Mrs. Roseleaf has disappeared; but through his singular art she assumed so actual an identity that all who were fortunate enough to make her acquaintance will long remember her, better perhaps than if she had been what he made her seem—a real person.

REVIEWS.

ROWLEY'S RISE OF THE PEOPLE.*

THE *Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament* is the title of the third "Epoch" of the Elementary History of England, now appearing under the editorship of Mr. Creighton. Mr. York Powell led the way with a volume somewhat in the style of the Books of Kings—a direct and detailed narrative, following the chronological order of events, and at times becoming almost annalistic. In the next volume, that of Mrs. Creighton, constitutional history was taken as the main object, and the narrative was cut down accordingly; but still there was a distinct thread of narrative running through the work. Now, however, Mr. Rowley avowedly flings chronology over, disregards regnal divisions, and sorts his materials under different heads, such as "The Growth of Parliament," "The Hundred Years' War," and so on. To quote his own singularly awkward expression:—"In this way the chief things that happened under each head have come to be told under their own head." The book in fact may almost be described as a collection of little treatises on important points in the history of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. To our thinking, the earlier plan was the better, if the books are to be, as the editorial prospectus promises, "adapted to beginners." Direct and simple narrative is the form in which every child tells a story, and into which every primitive people throws its history—the form alike of the Hebrew and of the English Chronicles. The notion of arranging events according to their bearing upon each other, and of tracing them to their origin, belongs to a later age. Mr. Rowley's work may be useful for those who have already got the actual course of events well into their heads, but not for children who have learned nothing before. For example, the reader has to make out what happened in England during the reign of Edward II. by combining a few scanty annals, given in a chronological table at the end of the book, with incidental notices and passing allusions in the text, from which he may be able to piece together a sort of patchwork narrative. First he is taken straight through the Scottish War of Independence, from the storming of Berwick by Edward I. to the Peace of Northampton under Edward III. Incidentally he will learn that "the worthless Edward" II. quarrelled with his barons and was dethroned. Next comes "The Hundred Years' War," beginning with a sketch of foreign affairs under Henry III., and ending with the final loss of Bordeaux under Henry VI. The learner now gains another dribble of information, that "Edward II. was deposed because he was unfit to rule," and that his overthrow was planned and carried out by Queen Isabel and Roger Mortimer. Having got to the end of the Hundred Years' War—that is to say, more than a century beyond Edward II.—we suddenly hark back to him again:—

Edward II. was a worthless king and wasted his substance. His nobles thought it right to try and put a stop to this, and in 1311 drew up a number of ordinances for the purpose. Now, not only were these ordinances accepted by Edward in Parliament, but in Parliament also were they revoked, when in 1322, Edward became a free agent once more. And the treaty with Scotland in 1328 was ratified in Parliament.

This passage, introduced merely as an illustration of the powers exercised by Parliament, is the most direct account of the internal affairs of Edward's reign supplied by the text. We commiserate the unhappy children who will be made by their teachers to read "In 1322, Edward became a free agent," without the slightest idea of how or why he became so. Then the pupil is carried on through the Parliamentary history of the reign of Edward III. to the Rising of the Commons, and the Lollard movement, till at last, in a retrospective account of the House of Lancaster, given by way of prelude to the Wars of the Roses, he comes upon "Edward II. and his favourites, Gaveston and the Despencers," this being the first, and indeed, as far as the text is concerned, the only, mention of the existence of the favourites,

whom we at first supposed to have been passed over in silence as beneath the attention of a scientific historian. Edward's deposition, though three times mentioned, is throughout treated as a casual occurrence not worth pausing upon; it is not even thought necessary to say by what process he was deposed. And yet the deposition of a king is not an everyday matter; and one would have supposed that the fact that a Parliament was assembled for the purpose was at least worthy of being mentioned among the illustrations of the statement that "When it was thought needful to do anything in a specially solemn way, it was done in Parliament." As for poor Edward's murder, that is such a trifle that it is never mentioned in the text, though probably the author had it in his mind when he wrote of Henry VI. dying "the mysterious death usual with dethroned kings in England." Mr. Rowley, we should have supposed, would have been the last man to imitate Mr. Green; and yet this indirect and allusive way of dealing with royal personages is rather in the manner of that writer.

The deficiencies of the narrative are to some extent supplied by the chronological table, which gives information not to be found in the text. Thus Piers Gaveston's banishment, return, and death are all set down in the table, together with a reference to page 74, though neither there nor elsewhere in the narrative is any one of these three events mentioned. It is not only in the reign of Edward II. that these fictitious references occur. Under the reign of Henry IV. a reference to page 78 accompanies the entries:—

1402. The Percies beat the Douglas at Homildon Hill . . . 78
1405. Scrope, Archbishop of York, is beheaded by the order of King Henry . . . 78

Yet neither Homildon Hill nor Archbishop Scrope appears anywhere in the text. At an earlier period, under Richard II., the entry "1382, The first law against heresy is passed," has a reference to page 71. The only law against heresy mentioned in the text is that of 1401, passed in the reign of Henry IV. In fact, these references point out, not where things are, but where they should or might have been. This may be some deep-laid plan of teaching history on the principle of a dissected puzzle which the student is to put together for himself, or it may simply be the result of extraordinary carelessness. The editor, in the prospectus setting forth the object and plan of the series, says:—"It is intended that the books shall be adapted to beginners. . . avoiding unnecessary names, no references being made to persons or events whose importance is not fully explained." This intention must have been forgotten when, in the chronological table, "the Douglas" was named without anything to show who he was, when Archbishop Scrope's execution was set down without any cause for it being assigned, and the bare statement "1474, King Edward raises benevolences," allowed to stand without any explanation of the nature of a benevolence. Nor is it particularly profitable to be dogmatically told that in the year 1484 "Parliament makes many good laws," without any hint as to what these good laws were. Altogether, much of the work is executed in a hurried and perfunctory manner. When the pupil meets with "Harry Hotspur, one leader of the Percies," he will hardly guess, unless he has some other source of information, that the leader thus described was himself Sir Henry Percy. "The movement set on foot by Wiclif" is mentioned a page or two before it has been explained who and what Wycliffe was. The events of Jack Cade's insurrection are briefly described thus:—

After some successes, a victory at Sevenoaks, in which Stafford, who commanded against Cade, was killed, a short stay in Southwark, and an occasional visit to London, the rebels were partly beaten, partly persuaded to give up their enterprise.

Really this could not have been put more mildly if the rebels had enlivened their short stay in the Borough by occasionally taking an omnibus over London Bridge. No one would guess from this account that Cade had cut the ropes of the drawbridge asunder, that he had ridden in state through the City, that for three days he had been its actual master, and that a peer of the realm and a sheriff of Kent had been put to death by the insurgents and their heads paraded through the streets. Mr. Rowley seems apparently to tell over again the time-honoured stories which have been repeated in every chronicle and every history; yet any child who has heard how Cade, with an impostor's eye for stage effect, smote London-stone as he uttered his declaration, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city," has a more vivid and indeed a more accurate idea of the Kentish rising than can be derived from the book before us. A slip of the pen or a printer's error may account for Edward III. being described at p. 38 as the younger son, at p. 42 as the elder son, of Edward II. It is less easy to excuse the statement in the chronological table that Roger Mortimer—Queen Isabel's "gentle Mortimer"—was beheaded. If Mr. Croker had said this, Lord Macaulay would inevitably have responded with his habitual hyperbole—"There is not a forward boy at any school in England who does not know that Mortimer was hanged"—or to be strictly accurate, drawn and hanged, "treyned & pendu." The Countess of Buchan, who suffered so heavily at the hands of Edward I. for the part she took in the coronation of Robert Bruce, is described as Bruce's sister. Now, as any one who has read the *Tales of a Grandfather* knows, she was the sister of Macduff, Earl of Fife, whose hereditary office at the coronation of the King of Scots, she

* *Epochs of English History. Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament, from the Great Charter to the Accession of Henry VII., 1215-1485.* By James Rowley, M.A., Professor of Modern History and Literature, University College, Bristol. With Four Maps. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

—being moved, as scandal asserted, by a warmer interest in the adventurer Bruce than political sympathy alone could have created—took upon herself to execute. Mr. Rowley has confounded the Countess with Mary Bruce, who shared with her the unenviable distinction of being imprisoned in a cage. And though there is no denying that after the coronation of Bruce King Edward's conduct hardly bore out his eulogist's assertion that

Velox est ad veniam, ad vindictam tardus—

still it is an exaggeration to say that "every male prisoner of rank who fell into his hands was sent to the scaffold." To say nothing of the Bishops of St. Andrews and of Glasgow and the Abbot of Scone, whose ecclesiastical character saved their necks, Bruce's nephew Randolph, who was among the prisoners taken at Methven, was spared, and lived to be one of the heroes of Bannockburn.

The main subject of the book is the growth of Parliament, and this is throughout well treated. We quote the opening discourse on the glories of the thirteenth century, because it indicates the leading purpose of the work, and displays a genuine English enthusiasm for Parliamentary institutions:—

In many ways the thirteenth century is the most interesting of the middle ages. It was a century of great men, great thoughts, and great deeds. But to all of English birth or descent its great glory is, that in it the institution which it is England's chief pride to have founded—Parliament—first grew and was shaped into the form which it still keeps. We might almost think that this century had been set apart for this special purpose; it had hardly well begun when the movement towards the building-up of Parliament set in, and a few years before it ended Parliament received its finishing touch from the hands of its most intelligent builder, Edward I. Parliament is, moreover, the one abiding result of all the seemingly blind struggling and fighting, in the battle-field and elsewhere, of all the forecast and effort, which made the reigns of John, Henry III. and Edward I. among the most stirring in our history.

The account of the Scottish War of Independence is prefaced by a good explanation of the composition of the Scottish nation, showing how Edward's fiercest foes were to be found among men who were in truth "as much of English blood as the men of Kent." The Lollard movement and the causes which led to the rising of the Commons in 1483 are treated more fully, and their significance more distinctly brought out, than is usual in histories of this class. Mr. Rowley has closely followed Mr. Stubbs on the difficult subject of villenage, and has succeeded—no easy feat—in making his explanation clear and simple. The account of the Wars of the Roses we do not like so well. No doubt these wars are the most purely personal contests recorded in English history, but even of them it is an exaggeration to say that "the whole question" was "who should rule England, not how England should be ruled." If Henry—or rather Suffolk, Somerset and Margaret acting for him—had not ruled England with singular ill success, few men would have troubled themselves about Richard of York's wrongs. His power and that of his son lay in the belief that they would give the country a strong and orderly Government.

The style of the book, if we except an awkward sentence here and there, is for the most part clear and vigorous. In one place, however, Mr. Rowley has indulged in an antithesis which will be too hard for most of his readers. "The truth of the story," he says, "that they [Edward V. and his brother] were smothered in the Tower by Miles Forest and John Dighton, leaves little to be explained in the history of the day; its falsehood would leave a good deal." This sounds very neat and sharp; but what child would understand it without an explanation?

In short, Mr. Rowley's work is clever, but of unequal merit. Even if the blemishes which we have pointed out were, as most of them easily might be, removed, we should not consider it suitable for giving beginners their first notions of history; but at the same time there are parts which are very good, and the whole might be read with advantage as an easy commentary upon the usual elementary histories.

LIFE OF TITIAN.*

MESSRS. Crowe and Cavalcaselle begin their *Life of Titian* with an interesting sketch of the state of things in Venice which led to the perfection of painting reached by Titian, Tintoretto, and Caliari, a perfection which "perished at half the age of the older art of the Tuscans." "A striking feature in the development of pictorial art at Venice is the poverty of thought and execution in its earliest craftsmen." It is suggested by the authors that this was because the constant struggle of the Venetians with hostile elements, and their constant devotion to navigation and commerce, stood in the way of the development of art. However that may be, it is certain that for long art at Venice was imported from abroad. Its tone was "for centuries Oriental; and we may believe that mariners and merchants, whose argosies were on the ocean, whose markets were at every point of the compass, were content to satisfy their requirements by way of traffic." In time, however, when there were no more conquests to be made on the seas, and the Venetian power was on the wane, there grew to be room for the cultivation of art at home. At the end of the twelfth century, when we hear of one hundred galleys armed at

Venice in one hundred days, Venice owned, according to her chroniclers, more than a quarter of the whole Greek Empire, a part of Constantinople, Candia, and all the ports of call from Venice to the Dardanelles, and thence to Alexandria. Three centuries later this aspect of affairs had been greatly changed. Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Turks, and Venetians had lost almost all power in the East. In 1477, the year of Titian's birth, Lemnos, Mantinea, and Scutari were lost; in 1503 a humiliating peace with Bajazet the Second was signed, and in 1506 was opened the first page of the *libro d'oro*, "in which the patricians of the city, after glorying for centuries in the name of 'citizens,' registered their titles to an hereditary noblesse; and the arts, which had been gradually rising to perfection, shed a glorious sunset over the sinking form of the Republic." The time when the Bellini settled in Venice was eminently favourable for the enforcement of a new system of teaching. Byzantine traditions still clung to art in Venice, and it was left for the Bellini to bring thither the study of the nude and of antique sculpture, the rules of linear perspective, and the charm of landscape. To the sickness of convention and stiffness existing before they came, they applied the remedies of strong realism and truth. Yet here, as Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle point out, may be observed the slow progress of Venetian art as compared with Tuscan art. While in Florence the old process of tempera was being superseded by that of oils, "the Bellini and the Vivarini were content to follow the old groove, and satisfy the demands of public taste with the technical mechanism inherited from their forefathers." But after the new system had been once introduced and mastered in Venice, the development which followed was rapid and full:—

Colours began to acquire tones which in gorgeousness and brilliancy vied with the Venetian dyes, or with the hues of Muranese glass, and those Levantine tissues for which Venice was, above all other countries, celebrated. The buildings of the city, with their rich and variegated surfaces, suggested to Gentile Bellini those noble backgrounds of church and canal which the dryer system of tempera had not enabled him previously to realize. The waters of the lagoons, the bays of the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts, and the harbours of the Adriatic, were studied by Carpaccio with an effect altogether new. The softer expanses of the Paduan plain, with its distant fringe of Alp, fettered the attention of Giovanni Bellini.

There is something quaint in the expression with which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle go on to speak of the many reasons which prevailed to help the advance of art:—"Thus, by a providential combination of causes, the ground was laid for the grand edifice of Venetian art."

Vasari's account of Titian's training at Venice, whence he came in early youth from Cadore, his birthplace, is that his master was Giovanni Bellini, but that he afterwards became an imitator of Giorgione. Dolce, with more explicitness, says that Sebastian Zuccato, a Venetian mosaicist, first took charge of Titian, and gave him over to Gentile Bellini, who disapproved of his bold and quick drawing, and told him that no progress was to be expected in the path he had chosen. Titian, disgusted at this, left Gentile for Giovanni; and, unsatisfied with his lessons, became Giorgione's partner. The objection pointed out by the authors of the *Life of Titian* to this story is that proof exists that Titian's early drawing was most careful and minute, and that his manner as a rising artist does not at all betray the exclusive influence of the Bellini. The conclusion they come to as most probable is that, after being apprenticed to some obscure artist, Titian wandered successively into the workshops of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, enjoying the companionship of Palma Vecchio and Giorgione, and possibly entering into partnership with both of them in turn. The most trustworthy test of his early manner, or, as the authors oddly call it, "form," is to be found, they say, in a small Madonna at the Belvedere of Venice, which, while it recalls no particular painter of the time in any marked degree, has qualities which remind one of Bellini, Carpaccio, and Palma Vecchio. Here are found patience and finish in the texture of stuffs, correctness of movement, grace of outline; but as yet there is something cold and timid in the work. As the painter goes on his originality asserts itself, and the merely imitative element vanishes from his work. In the same collection with this early "Madonna" is a sacred group, clearly painted years later, and well on in the path leading up to the Christ of "The Tribute Money." "Before this is a picture in the Scuda di San Rocca at Venice, which represents the 'Man of Sorrows.'" And here it may be well to pause and give an instance of the objection we have to make to the habit which the authors have of disguising their thoughts in absurdly affected language. Here is a passage which, from the involution and strangeness of the expression, is almost incomprehensible:—

But whereas in the "Virgin and Child" at the Belvedere the colours are applied to produce a solid enamel, they are laid in here with surprising sparseness, varying from mere rubbings to substantial strata, but never pastose, though carefully harmonized by filmy glazings and delicate blending. A warm and liquid general tone is given by clear but coloured lights merging through cool half-tints into darker livids; a surface the reverse of metallic is broken by patches of livid grey in the hollows beneath the eyes, varied by spots of bright cherry in the reflexes of the lips.

The next picture to which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle give detailed attention is the one well known under the name of "Sacred and Profane Love," for which obviously misapplied title the authors substitute that, which seems to us no less misapplied, of "Artless and Sated Love." The figure of the woman sitting, fully dressed, on the side of a fountain, opposite to that on which leans a beautiful nearly naked figure, is taken by the authors to represent Sated Love, apparently

* *Titian: his Life and Times; with some Account of his Family, chiefly from New and Unpublished Records.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. 2 vols. With Portrait and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1877.

on the ground that "her back is resolutely turned to Cupid; her face determined, haughty, but serene; her charms veiled in splendid dress; her very hands concealed in gloves. A more graphic revelation of the thought embodied in the allegory can scarcely be conceived; but, lest the coarse sense of man should fail to decipher the painter's meaning," the design is, according to the authors, continued in a bas-relief on the fountain wall. We must confess to being afflicted with that "coarse sense" which fails, even with the help of the authors' elaborate description, to recognize the meaning which they have put upon the picture. The gloves worn by the woman in the corner seem to us merely the natural complement of the rest of her dress; and we cannot see that there is more intention in her back being turned to the Cupid than there is in the inattentive attitude of the other figure. Nor does it strike us that there is any better reason than the presence in the one figure of clothes, which are, no doubt, a product of art, and their absence in the other, for applying to them the opposing terms "Artless" and "Sated." There is another picture mentioned later on in the book with the interpretation of which we cannot agree. This is the picture in the Louvre which is supposed by the authors to represent the parting of Davalos from his wife, Mary of Arragon, to go to a campaign against the Turks:—

Mary of Arragon, lovely as her sister whose portrait was drawn by Giulio Romano and painted by Raphael, sits brooding in silent thought over possible disasters. Her bosom is imperfectly covered by snowy folds of muslin; a yellow veil falls over her shoulder, and a green mantle is carelessly thrown over the gorgeous red of her skirt. Her arms are bare, and she holds in her hand a crystal orb, symbol of perishable humanity. Behind her, solemn, but erect, and looking steadily into space, Davalos stands in armour and ready to depart; but his hand is on her breast; the boy Cupid brings his bunch of arrows, Victory bends in homage, and Hymen, in the background, holds aloft his offering of fruit and flowers. There are certain actions in the pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which, to the observer of the nineteenth, appear indelicate. That which has been just described may be one of these, yet in the sacred pictures of an earlier generation, and particularly in those which represent the Salutation, the action is still more simple and naïve; and we have to remember that Titian, in the language of his art, is not more outspoken than Shakespeare in his.

The statement that the woman on the left hand "sits brooding in silent thought over possible disasters" seems to us as unfounded as that Davalos stands "solemn, but [why but?] erect," and that his action could strike anybody as "indelicate." The most plausible explanation of the picture is, to our thinking, that the man and woman represent a pair of people who have found happiness in marriage, and that the woman is showing in the crystal globe, to the girl called "Victory" by the authors, something of the future that lies before her in the marriage which the presence of Cupid indicates she is about to enter upon. There is, however, no subject upon which there is more room for discussion and variety of opinion than in the explanation of pictures whose meaning is doubtful; and even if it were generally acknowledged that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle were wrong in this instance, that would be a small blot on a work so important as their *Life of Titian*. Before the time when this picture was painted, Titian had, by his singularly cavalier treatment of the Council of Ten, offended that body, and lost and recovered his broker's patent in that curious institution the *Fondaco de' Tedeschi*, which served a good purpose in providing distinguished painters with a secure income for which they did nothing beyond finding some one else to do their official work. In the chapter which follows that containing the discussion of the Louvre picture is found, somewhat arbitrarily placed, like many other things in the work, an admirably terse sketch of Titian's remarkable qualities:—

The greatest colourist of his age and one of the noblest representatives of an art which has not its equal for subtlety, appears to us at this time (when he was about sixty) as a master who achieved all that can be expected of human exertion. . . . He had the faculty which so few men possess of charming his contemporaries, to whatever grade they might belong. . . . Titian, in fact, was more particularly distinguished from the great mass of the artists of his day by a quality which has always been considered rare. He was, and remained, a gentleman.

With this expression of the charm which Titian's private character gave to his work we will conclude our notice of a book which is full of information and interest, and which is perhaps the more interesting because it offers here and there opportunities for discussion of what its authors advance. It would be no unpleasant task to follow them through his life to his death from the plague in 1576; but as Titian lived to be ninety-nine, and the authors of his *Life* have neglected nothing that can make their work complete, it would be impossible to follow them at length, and to curtail or chop about in what they have written would be only to spoil a reader's taste for a valuable publication.

THE DIALECT OF MID-YORKSHIRE.*

THE compiler of this glossary has much clearer notions of what a glossary ought to be than most of his brethren. He does not stick in every word or form of a word which differs from high-polite English. How far it is strictly a glossary of Mid-Yorkshire as distinguished from other parts of Northumberland can be decided only by those who have special local knowledge of Mid-Yorkshire.

* *English Dialect Society: a Glossary of Words pertaining to the Dialect of Mid-Yorkshire; with others peculiar to Lower Nidd-dale, to which is prefixed an Outline Grammar of the Mid-Yorkshire Dialect.* By C. Clough Robinson. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

But it is on the face of it a glossary of Northumbrian English as opposed to Mercian or West-Saxon. Here and there indeed, even in this glossary, we come across a word or two which do not seem to have anything to do with Mid-Yorkshire, or even with Northumberland generally, more than with other parts of England. What is there specially local about the "besom," the "bumble-bee," or—at all events since the passing of the Highway Act—the "way-warden"? But there are fewer words of this kind in Mr. Robinson's glossary than in almost any other glossary that we ever saw; and this we look on as very high praise. We add to our real knowledge of language by turning over its pages, which is more than we can say that we do when we turn over the pages of a so-called glossary in which some foolish man puts down every word which he hears among his neighbours but does not find in his morning newspaper. And Mr. Robinson shows throughout such minute care in tracing the use and the whereabouts of his words that, while we see for ourselves that his book is really a Northumbrian glossary, we are ready to take his word for its being really a Mid-Yorkshire glossary. And of course we do not expect a Mid-Yorkshire glossary to consist wholly of words specially confined to Mid-Yorkshire. In a glossary of a sub-dialect it is important to mark which of the words that are special to the larger dialect are in use in it. No one, for instance, will suppose that *lank* and *brig* are peculiar to Mr. Robinson's special district; but it is quite right to mark that they are used in that district. And a fine, healthy, outspoken tongue the dialect of Mid-Yorkshire, as reported by Mr. Robinson, is. It seems to have that kind of life which Dr. Morris speaks of, in a tract which we noticed a week or two back, as still abiding in our local dialects. It is plain that it can still make new words from old roots; and, to judge from Mr. Robinson's specimens, it has very few of those mere corruptions of high-polite, commonly foreign, words, which will sometimes stray even into the best local dialects. Thus we are told that "o of a wordy woman it will be said that she 'went naggering on with a long pisle' that it would have tired a horse to stand and listen to." What life there is here in the horse being taken as the standard of endurance, even in a matter from which the horse could not derive any great amount of pain or pleasure! What force, too, in "nagger," clearly the intensified form of "nag"! We do not feel quite clear whether "nag" is strictly local; but "nagger" surely is, and we suspect that "nag"—must at least be northern; it ought to be written "gnag"—that is, "gnagan," which, like most words of the kind, standard English has softened into "gnaw." The metaphor is plain enough, and it seems that in Mr. Robinson's district "nag" is still in use in the natural sense. There they give a dog a bone to *nag*, which we think could hardly be done further south. Still there remains the "pisle," which is a case of a foreign word, somewhat abused both in sense and sound; can it come in any way from its ecclesiastical use? The "pisle" sets us looking for the somewhat kindred word "novation," which is heard in some parts, but which seems not to be known in Mid-Yorkshire. But in looking for it we stumbled on "notomise" and "notomy." These are forms both of which mean a skeleton, an "anatomy," as the old phrase was, on which the local discrimination of Mr. Robinson remarks:—"The first is the Mid-Yorkshire form, and both forms are heard in Nidderdale." Just before we stumbled on the adjective "nought-penny," applied, so Mr. Robinson tells us, to anything done or to be done for which there will be no pay. A dialect which can throw off such a word as the adjective "nought-penny" has a living power of growth in it which a mere book-language hardly can have.

Of one difficulty, however, in using Mr. Robinson's glossary we must complain, a difficulty which we are afraid shows a certain hankering after the phonetics. We yield to none in appreciation of Mr. Ellis's services to English pronunciation; but we cannot undertake to read according to his glossic alphabet. We should like to know exactly how to sound the delightful local words which Mr. Robinson teaches us; but really when he puts the sounds into a scientific shape it is only explaining *obscurum per obscurius*. We might guess how to sound "greasehorn," a vigorous word for a flatterer; but we are only puzzled when we are told to sound it "grih'sao'h'n," and we ask in despair whether in Mid-Yorkshire the people really drop the *r* in "horn," or whether Mr. Robinson is here only conforming to Mr. Ellis's strange notion that there is no difference between "lord" and "laud." For the non-scientific and non-phonetic it is much plainer to mark the sound of a word by saying that such or such a letter is to be sounded as it is sounded in some word which all people sound alike. It will be marked that in the phonetic explanation the *h* is dropped. Mr. Robinson tells us that the *h* commonly is dropped in the district. In fact, we are inclined to believe that every district, if left to itself, drops the *h*. It looks very much as if the sounding of *h* at all in English was purely artificial, a practice kept up out of set purpose. The letter has practically vanished from French, Italian, and Greek; but for a conscious effort it would have perished in English also. The *k* sound in words beginning with *q* seems also to be dropped, as in "wick" for "quick"—a word which still keeps the sense of alive—just like the "ween-cat," for our introduction to whom we have to thank Dr. Morris.

We thus do not learn from Mr. Robinson so much about the local pronunciation as we do about the local vocabulary. But, as we look through that part of his grammar which is devoted to the letter sounds, we pick out a few facts wherever Mr. Robinson is content to dispense with his puzzling glossic. He tells us

that "In such words as *tremble*, *humble*, *nimble*, *assemble*—a large class—*b* is never inserted as it is in standard English." Mark Mr. Robinson's accuracy in the use of the word "inserted"; it is exactly so. It is not Mid-Yorkshire that leaves out the *b*; it is standard English that puts it in. *M*, we all know, has a friendship for *b* and *p*, and often brings its companions in where they are not wanted. Mid-Yorkshire, it seems, withstands the temptation. Encouraged by this we turn again to the glossary, to see if by any good luck Mid-Yorkshire talked about "thunner" instead of thunder; but here we were disappointed. *F*, we learn, is often sounded instead of *p*, just like *φίρ* and *θίρ*, and the Russian "Feodor" for Theodore. And though *h* is commonly dropped, whether it stands alone or is in company with *w*, yet the *hw* sound appears in some words where one would have hardly looked for it, as in *outs* and *host*, sounded *huouts* and *huchost*. This is odd in the *Dendragyn*, the land where many an Orm must have worshipped Odin; we should have rather looked to see *w* left out of its usual place than put in where it is unusual. In the grammar we note that the genitive *s* is often left out, marking one stage, or rather one form, of the struggle by which *s* got established as the one genitive form. Yet we find that in the pronouns "occasionally there is heard a possessive suffix *es*—namely, *mines*," which it seems is pronounced in glossic "maanz," which is much too hard for us. But directly after we come to a beautiful phrase, "Thou nown bairn," where *noun* is mine own, exactly like the formation of the diminutives *Ned* and *Nell*, or the corruption by which we have turned *an eft* into a *newt*, while by exactly the opposite process we have turned a *nadder* into an *adder*. In the verbs we get a fine set of vigorous words, many of them with good strong forms. But we must give a few more specimens taken at random from the glossary. We do not profess to explain "aramastorky," which is said to be "a long name for an awkward female of some size," unless indeed the somewhat ungainly stork is anyhow opposed to that more graceful species of crane which is technically known as the "demoiselle." Keeping still in the department of natural history, we have the "lobster-louse," elsewhere the "wood-louse"; but in Mid-Yorkshire they know that he is one of the Crustacea. Under "awe" we have a phrase which seems to have come straight out of the Chronicles—"the father has him in good awe." It was the Lion of Justice, himself a Yorkshire man by some accounts, of whom men said, "Good man he was, and mickle awe was there of him." On the next page we have "bairn-bairn" for a grandchild, on which Mr. Robinson comments that "Leeds people employ the compound now and then, but with some vulgarness of feeling, and not in that sincere way of its use among country people whose own the word is, or has come to be." Then come a string of words that are altogether charming—*bairnfond*, *bairnlakins*, that is playthings, *bairndole*, the child's portion or inheritance, and *bairnteam*, the children of a household. What have we with our high-polite tongue come to when there are such words as these alive among us, and yet no one would dare to put them in a book or a speech? Sometimes we get words in their original, often their physical, meanings which in standard English are used only in some metaphorical or special way. Take, for instance, a word which we, as critics, often have to use:—

Blunder [bluon-d'ur], v. a. to render thick and muddy, as liquids appear when the sediment is disturbed. *Wh. Gl.* In Mid-York. the term is of wider application, in the sense of mixing, or disarranging. To mix liquors wrongly is to *blunder* them. When unskilful hands have thrown a clock out of order, in interfering with its mechanism, they have *blundered* it. Of small shot, of different sizes, it will be said, "Don't go and *blunder* them pellets" [Din'ut gaan: un: bluon'd'a dhem: pelits], don't go and mix them.

So again we can speak contemptuously of a botch, but it would be uncivil to ask a cobbler to botch one's shoes; in Mid-Yorkshire it can be done without offence.

Take again:—

Garb [ga-b], v. a. to bedizen, in *Wh. Gl.*, but in Mid-Yorkshire not usually employed in the burlesque sense by which the word is ordinarily identified. To array one's self too fashionably, would call forth the term; or to pay a trifling over-attention to dress, becomingly, but not considered necessary for an occasion. "Thou need not *garb* thyself out so much: it's only a market-day."

A Mid-Yorkshireman is not likely to make the same confusion as one of the Elders of a Presbyterian college in the North of Ireland, who, when it was proposed to bring in the use of caps and gowns, answered that "their students should not go about in the *garbage* of monks."

So we might go on through the whole book; but we will only refer to the article "By-names"—that is, *cognomina* before *cognomina* and *agnomina* were distinguished, *to-names* or *surnames* before surnames became hereditary. These are personal nicknames, though we should not say personal either, as they are applied to places, districts, buildings, anything, as well as to persons. A most curious list of these is given, and all that Mr. Robinson says on the subject is well worth looking to. Here are a set from Swaledale, where it seems each man carries about the names at least of both his parents, and sometimes of his remoter forefathers as well:—

Such names as, *Tassy-Jack*, *Dicky-Jim*, *Nathan-Will-Will*, *Peter-Hannah-Tom* (the name of the father, mother, and son, incorporated), *Katie-Tom-Alec* (a similar case), *Katie-Tom-Alec-lad* (the case increased to the great-grandfather series), and *Katie-Tom-Al-e'-ad-lad* (another ascent in the generation), *Bullock-John*, *Tish-Tom*, *Trooper*, and *Split-Meat-Jack*, are of common occurrence, and used, too, with such frequency and regularity that the original baptismal designations are almost forgotten. One person was called *Willie w't t' ee*, having lost one eye.

A Welsh succession of Aps, or the Roman description of a man as

"*Marci filius, Quinti nepos*," would be quite to the taste of the folk of Swaledale.

We see that Mr. Skeat has several times lent Mr. Robinson a helping hand. If Mr. Skeat will not get angry with us for saying so, we should like to say that this is just as it should be, and that he is well employed when he makes really good material better still. But perhaps Mr. Skeat will be angry with us if we say anything about him at all; so we shall be glad if some common friend would ask him, if he reads this article, to stop at the end of the paragraph about the By-names.

THE CRUISE OF THE CHALLENGER.*

THE circumnavigation of the globe for the scientific examination of its ocean basins was the leisurely performance of three years and a half. It allowed the less scientific members of the expedition many pleasant occasions for stopping to look about them ashore. Professor Wyville Thomson and his assistants had to probe the depths and test the physical conditions of the sea, or to catalogue its varieties of animal life. Junior naval officers found some compensation, in long days of leave from their ship and excursions inland, for her tedious delays when aloft, with the frequent soundings, dredgings, and trawlings, which took many hours at a time. They saw more of diverse countries and kinds of people than other sailors commonly do. Sub-Lieutenant Lord George Campbell and Mr. Spry, an assistant-engineer, have turned these facilities of observation to good account. Their respective books, indeed, estimated as literary compositions, are of different quality and merit. Mr. Spry is a feeble and clumsy writer, who diligently relates all that he has seen or learned, but mingled with reflections and sentiments of awkward simplicity, and not sufficiently separated from commonplace details of trivial experience. Lord George, on the other hand, by judiciously trimming and pruning his familiar letters to a young lady friend at home, has produced a delightful book, which we heartily commend to the general reader. Its style is brisk and bright, freely running on at the easy pace of animated talk in a copious flow of narrative and descriptive word-painting, often with the happiest turns and hits of expression, but always in a natural, unaffected tone. His good humour, high spirits, robust sense of enjoyment, and keen interest alike in all that is beautiful or wonderful, and all that is queer or funny, his genial liking for every tolerable specimen of humanity, and his special acquaintance with feathered bipeds, are very agreeably shown.

Either of the charts prefixed to the two books now lying before us will show at a glance what a devious course the *Challenger* pursued from December 1872 to May 1876. She traversed both the North Atlantic and South Atlantic twice over, crossing and recrossing those parts of the ocean from several different points. She then explored the Southern Ocean, with its few lonely islets, beyond South African and Australian latitudes, passing within the Antarctic Circle. After visiting Australia and New Zealand, sounding the ocean bottom for a line of telegraph cable between them, she came north by Fiji to the Western Pacific archipelago, and through Torres Straits to the Malay Islands off Eastern Asia, touching at the Dutch and the Spanish settlements on her way to Hong Kong. She ran up to Yokohama, the European commercial port of Japan, thence out to the Sandwich Islands, and made next for South America, taking the isle of Tahiti on her route thither. Lord George Campbell left his ship at Valparaiso, to cross the Andes and the Pampas and so get home, instead of going on with her through the Straits of Magellan. The account of her homeward voyage is supplied by Mr. Spry. This was the "cruise" of the *Challenger*: and it might seem, on first thoughts, to present no features of particular novelty, except whatever curiosities may have been found to lie beneath the surface of the ocean. Most of the courses she took—south by west, east by south, then north by west, again south by east, across opposite hemispheres or segments of the globe—are frequently sailed over in the ordinary highways of mail steamers and merchant vessels. The main shores to which they lead, those of different continents and important islands, seem to us at the present day scarcely more strange than the shores of Europe. But there still remain many places which are seldom visited, minute fragments of land in positions of extreme isolation, some of them not at all inhabited, others but occasionally the resort of mankind, others whose population, being utterly wild, has never yet invited the approach of trade. The scenery, the natural history, here and there some hints towards the ethnology, of petty countries which have seldom been thoroughly described, may reward curiosity with much that is rare and striking. Thus it is that Lord George Campbell has been able to fill his compact volume with information of which very little is stale, and which affords an ample store of entertainment.

In picking out the more attractive bits of this geographical feast, we may begin with the Azores, which almost belong to Europe. St. Michael's is less known to us, probably, than Madeira, or indeed than Tenerife, as it lies rather out of the main lines of passenger traffic. Its botanical gardens are pronounced the finest in the world, all the choicest plants of every climate growing there luxuriantly side by side. It offers, we are told, some very magnificent landscapes in the upland valleys. We read

* *Log Letters from the "Challenger."* By Lord George Campbell. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Cruise of H.M.S. "Challenger": Voyages over Many Seas; Scenes in Many Lands. By W. J. Spry, R.N. London: Sampson Low & Co.

here of huge volcanic chasms, or extinct craters, their sides dressed in the richest verdure, each holding as in the hollow of a hand one or more small blue lakes, with fields, woods, and snug villages, all nestling in a mass of foliage enclosed by lofty walls of cliff. This makes a pretty picture to the eye of fancy. The author of these *Log Letters* is an excellent guide to pleasant bits of natural scenery. The character he gives to that of Bermuda, with its blossoming oleander groves, cedars, and palmettos, to relieve the prevailing sombre hue of the juniper foliage, is "unique but monotonous loveliness." When he goes ashore at Bahía, he enjoys more than one trip, by rail or river, into the Brazilian forests. There, too, he makes himself happy among the humming-birds and twenty other species of winged animal life, each of which is neatly depicted by him in the fewest words. He jokes with the merry negroes and their children, and then bids good-bye to Brazil. In the mid Atlantic, just under the Equator, suddenly arise St. Paul's Rocks, to which the ship is moored for surveying and fishing, while great amusement is obtained from the ludicrous behaviour of boobies and noddies, and the sly tricks of impudent crabs. Tristan d'Aouha, with its fourscore British or mixed inhabitants, "a fine stolid lot of people," is next approached. They have to answer for the unkind neglect of two German brothers almost starved to death on Inaccessible Island, whom the *Challenger* relieved. The story of their labours, hardships, and perils is also printed at length in Mr. Spry's book, as related by Friedrich Stoltenhoff himself. On the neighbouring Nightingale Island dwell thick masses, rather than flocks or swarms, of nasty penguins. The description given of these amazing creatures, viewed collectively, and of their formidable dense array upon the miry hill-side, has a powerful effect on the nerves. It reminds us of "the slithy toves," in *Alice's Wonderland*, and how they "did gyre and gimble in the wabe." Far more pleasant it is to watch the stately motions of the handsome mollusks, lower down on the same beach. We sail on, round the Cape of Good Hope, away into the Southern Ocean, touching at Marion Isle, the Crozetts, and other specks of earth in the vast expanse of water. The noble albatross, with his astonishing flight of hundreds of miles from land, here keeps us company over the boundless sea. At Kerguelen, the gloomy gate of a southern world of cold desolation, three weeks were spent in surveying harbours for the astronomical expedition to observe the Transit of Venus. Still further on in that inclement region lies Heard Island, the haunt of a few hardy men, seal-hunters or whalers, whose life is bare and grim. Sea-elephants, sea-leopards, doubtless also sealions, here come to be killed. The *Challenger* had yet to perform a sterner task in the Antarctic latitudes. She searched in vain for the supposed continent, the Termination Land of Commodore Wilkes. Surrounded by gathering icebergs, the spectacle of their white and azure splendours was hailed with delight by her crew. But this was succeeded by real danger, from which, however, Captain Nares, by skilful seamanship, was able to escape. The port of Melbourne was safely reached in March 1874; and several months were passed in the Australian colonies. Of these, we agree with Lord G. Campbell, only little need be told; Mr. Spry's grateful recollections of their hospitality fill too much of his space.

The Western Pacific is next entered, and we are introduced to the brown Polynesian race of mankind, whom Lord George finds quite charming, with their graceful laziness and good humour, at Tonga in the Friendly Isles. It may be pleasant, no doubt, to watch the brisk young women as they sit beating the fibrous mulberry bark for their tappa cloth; but a Tonga man is, we fear, not seldom an idle rascal. The population of the Fiji Islands, which had not yet been annexed to the British Empire in 1874, partakes much of the ugly Papuan or Melanesian type, with sooty skin and woolly hair. Yet there would seem to be some agreeable persons among them; and we willingly hope the best from missionary efforts among these people. At any rate their king, who was a cannibal, now reads the Bible; and a native Christian teacher is seen with a whip, driving his flock into chapel to sing a hymn. Their heathenish war dance, witnessed by Lord George Campbell, is performed with marvellous agility and precision of time. manifold pleasures are to be enjoyed in Fiji. There is the delicious bathing, the fishing and shooting; the free and easy converse with jolly natives, sprawling on mats in their low huts of leaves or grass; the arduous but exciting rambles, with our dog Sam, over steep hills and deep ravines, through stiff dense thickets, into the luxuriant forest. We linger delighted where those living gems, the exquisitely beautiful lories, bright crimson and emerald green with a necklace of blue, flit from bough to bough; where the gorgeous butterflies, the quaint lizards, and innumerable strange forms of animated life surpass the wondrous variety of tropical vegetation. One is compelled to sympathize with our author in his enthusiasm for all these glories of nature. We are fain, in the same spirit, to accompany the further voyage, touching at Api in the New Hebrides, and Cape York, the most northern point of Australia, through Torres Straits and the Arafura Sea. Here are the Arru Islands and the Great Ke Islands, where we meet with Malays, oddly wearing some rags of Dutch fashion, but dwelling in their bamboo huts, or rather cages perched on stakes, and neither civilized nor frankly savage. The cassowary, the bird of paradise, and vast quantities of pigeons for pot-shooting, here engage the traveller's attention—he being a sportsman and naturalist. But he soon arrives at some of the famous commercial

settlements and insular plantations of Dutch colonial industry. Banda, from his description, must be a lovely place to look at, with its land-locked harbour between three islets of bold volcanic shape, clothed in the richest verdure of diverse hues and shades, with nutmeg groves along the shore. Will no landscape painter go there? Amboyna, the capital of the Dutch Spice Islands, with its motley European, Malay, and Chinese population, with its plenteous growth of tropical produce—cloves and nutmegs, the sago-palm and the coco-palm—is next set before us. More shooting and fishing here await the sportsman, with the Malay practice of spearing fish at night by torchlight from canoes. At the next Dutch colony, that of Ternate and Tidore, two little mountain isles off the coast of Gilolo, the natural situation appeared scarcely inferior in beauty to that of Banda. It was a pity that Lord George and his comrades of the *Challenger* could talk no Dutch; for the colonial ladies of that nation, with whom they danced, seem to have looked kindly upon them. There was poor diversion, comparatively, in sitting and smoking with silent Dutch gentlemen under the verandah of the local club-house, and looking at the mixed crowd of Asiatics passing by.

This kind of life, with certain variations, was continued among the Spanish colonists and natives of the Philippines, which were twice visited, in going to and returning from Hong Kong. Nothing at Manilla was found worthy of observation except the immense cigar factory, in which several thousand women are employed. But we lately read an exhaustive account, by Mr. Jager, both topographical and statistical, of the principal island. Lord George Campbell found most objects to his liking in the picturesque wooded vales and glens behind Zamboanga. There he met not only a diverting troop of monkeys, but an agreeable household of the native peasantry, who fed him with eggs and bananas. The female population were of course an interesting study, whether Indian, Spanish, or Mestiza, but lacking the free grace of their sex in the South Pacific. Their delicate manufacture of the "pina," a superfine textile fabric of pine-apple leaf fibre, seemed worthy of notice. The Philippines contributed also to the collected treasures of observation in natural science. That beautiful glass-rose sponge, the Euplectella, or Venus's flower-basket, was fished up at Zebu. The recent volcanic eruption of Camiguin, which had overwhelmed the habitations of thousands of families, was a painful scene to contemplate. In the peculiar task of scientific exploration entrusted to her, the *Challenger* gained some valuable results from her soundings of this East Asiatic Archipelago, and those of the Melanesian or West Pacific. These sea-basins appear, from the temperature of their nether waters, to be shut in by submarine ridges, or tables of rocks, from the depths of the main Ocean. But it is for more scientific writers to report and discuss the multiplicity of physical observations from which it is hoped to get a systematic knowledge of the circulation of ocean currents, with their effects upon climate and life. The deepest of all soundings ever yet taken, 4,475 fathoms, was in the North Pacific, some fourteen hundred miles south-east of Japan.

There is one highly entertaining chapter belonging to Japan. It relates an inland journey from Yedo up to Nikko, where stand the historic sepulchres of the late Japanese ruling dynasty, and the shrines of a national worship on their sacred mountain. The incidents and humours of roadside experience in Japan, with passing glimpses of household life among the country folk, are pleasantly and vividly described. We need not dwell on the remaining parts of the narrative. It is only in the account of a day or two at anchor in Humboldt Bay, on the north coast of New Guinea, and in a short visit to the Admiralty Isles, still less known by former geographical records, that we find something new. Honolulu, with its lounging Kanakas half-civilized by Massachusetts missions, has been made familiar to us in its recent aspects by Mr. Nordhoff and other writers. Miss Isabella Bird, too, has given us a very forcible description of the Hawaiian volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa, now reputed the most tremendous on the globe. It is worth while, however, to look at Lord George Campbell's account of Tahiti, and take note of his unfavourable judgment upon the French administration there. We like his report also of a genuine exhibition of the native hospitality and festivity, to which he was treated by a liberal chieftain of the Tahitian nation. He adds very little to our acquaintance with the South American shores of the Pacific; he saw Juan Fernandez, the abode of solitary Selkirk, and found it grandly mountainous, not much like Robinson Crusoe's isle. It is to Mr. Spry's journal that we must refer, not without the commendation due to its modest merits, for the homeward voyage of the *Challenger*, touching at the Falkland Isles. His volume is adorned with numerous engravings, some of which are from the photographs and sketches taken by members of the expedition. As a mere chronicle or way-book of the entire cruise, it is more complete than that of the clever and lively sub-lieutenant who has given us so much pleasure by his *Log Letters*.

THE FORMATION OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.*

THIS is an admirable handbook of the comparative grammar of Greek and Latin, exhibiting the entire system of the phonology of those languages, and the relations in which it stands to

* *A Philological Introduction to Greek and Latin for Students.* Translated from the German of Ferdinand Baur, Dr. Ph., by C. Kegan Paul, M.A. Oxon. and E. D. Stone, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

that of the primary Aryan language. It was drawn up for the use of the author's pupils in a Gymnasium, or high school; and has a sufficiently elementary character to be specially suited to the requirements of young students, who after making some progress in the study of Greek ought to be enlightened as to the nature of the relation in which that language stands to Latin. But it is not now possible to describe fully the relation between any two cognate languages without referring both back to the original form of speech from which the two are descended. In the Aryan stock this original speech, it is well known, is most nearly represented by the Sanskrit in its oldest forms; and hence, when "the primitive Aryan" is mentioned in books of this kind, the form quoted is likely to be either Sanskrit, or an older form inferred mainly from the analogy of Sanskrit forms. Professor Baur exhibits very clearly the sounds of the original language which correspond to those of Greek and Latin respectively; adding, for the sake of completeness, in many cases the corresponding sounds in Gothic, German, and English. He then elucidates similarly every form of inflexion of noun, verb, and pronoun, omitting here, however, the modern analogues. The explanations are generally admirable, and the choice of examples copious and discriminating. Especially as a storehouse of examples, many experienced scholars will find this Comparative Grammar for Schools a very convenient book of reference.

We have scarcely anything but praise to bestow on the general scheme, the judgment which has decided what to put in and what to omit, and the explanations of the various forms. Where the original form is mentioned, we think the actual Sanskrit form might with advantage have been also cited; for it would in most cases have either been identical with or closely resembled that which is assumed as the oldest; and this very similarity would instil into the learner's mind the conviction that he is not the victim of idle theorizing, but is being introduced to an ancient language which had an objective existence. A few assertions are hazarded on points by no means settled, which would have been better omitted. Such a one is the derivation of the Latin tenses in *eo, bam* from the verb *fuō*—"from *fuō* comes by aphæresis *uo*, after vowels *ro*, which is hardened to *bo, bis, bit*." Softening or weakening is a process of daily and constant occurrence in language; but the reverse process of *hardening* ought never to be assumed except on the most cogent evidence. Here the *b* was explained by Bopp in his *Conjugationssystem* (1816), and still in the last edition of his *Comparative Mythology* (1859), as representing the Sanskrit *bh* and the *f* of *fuō*; and he notes that the *bh*, which in Latin becomes *f* at the beginning of a word, in the middle turns to *b*—e.g. *vo-bis* (bhyas), *ti-bi* (bhyam). The explanation of *ve-stibulum* as "the outstanding place, forecourt," notwithstanding its ingenuity, should scarcely be found here; and still less should *vestigium* and *fastigium* be cited as belonging to a root *strix* (whence *στρίξος*, *στρίγος*, German *steigen*, and English *step*) until the prefixes are satisfactorily explained, and it is also certain that the *g* belongs to the verbal root; which last is scarcely probable, considering the number of neuter nouns ending in *gium*, and the few and doubtful instances of Latin *g* in the middle of a word being equivalent to Greek *χ*.

This book naturally provokes comparison with Mr. W. H. Ferrar's *Comparative Grammar of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin*, of which the first volume appeared in 1869. We have here a mere sketch, but an able one, of the results attained. Mr. Ferrar took us through the whole process, and discussed everything before regarding anything as settled. Much of his speculation will be cast away, but a considerable portion will be adopted and accepted as a satisfactory exposition of the relation between his three languages; and the non-completion of the book is a serious loss to philology. It may perhaps be said that Professor Baur neither soars so high nor sinks so low; but his humbler tractate is more generally useful.

We have spoken hitherto of Baur's original work, because it seemed only fair to keep distinct the merits of the author and those of the translator. Lest we should by the above remarks lead any one to send for the English translation, we had better say at once that our opinion of the book was formed upon the original German, where all is clear; that we had recourse to it because we found the translation often obscure and sometimes unintelligible. It is difficult to point out the worst errors of the translation, because we should have in most cases to give a passage of some length to make the context intelligible. But we are bound to make good our assertion so far as it is feasible. The introductory general observations on the nature of language are obscure, partly from the loose way in which philosophical terms like *Begriff*, *Vorstellung*, and *Anschauung* are rendered—this, however, is a real difficulty, in which we cannot refuse our sympathy to the puzzled translators—but partly also from other less excusable causes. An example of the former kind of obscurity is found in a sentence which asserts that the elementary phonetic types or roots "then become signs of ideas (*Vorstellungen*) which, though concrete, are extremely wide and general, and may therefore be called abstract." Concrete and abstract at once! But the author says nothing about concrete; his word is *sinnlich*, "sensuous, impressing the senses," a word which the translators elsewhere render, loosely though not so falsely, *material*. The translators say of their work:—"The only liberty they have taken is that of breaking up the German sentences, and thus in some degree making the work less difficult than the original." This liberty is no liberty at all where the original sentence consists of several co-ordinated predication, which mean the same whether the full stop be freely or sparingly em-

ployed. *Veni vidi vici* is simply identical with *Veni. Vidi. Vici*. But when the sentence consists of one predication only, with various clauses subordinated to it in various logical relations, to "break it up" is not only a "liberty" but a falsification; the dependent clauses become independent assertions, and stand on an equality with, and consequently diminish the force of, the one sole assertion predicated by the writer as an essential part of his argument. Thus we have:—

Metaphor is the transference of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to other objects which appear in some measure to participate in the peculiarities of the first.

This is done by means of the imagination, which is especially vigorous in the early periods of language.

Metaphor is an essential implement of language, a powerful means of linguistic development.

These three paragraphs are produced by breaking up the one sentence which we give below, in which the writer wishes simply to state that "Metaphor is an essential implement of language," and in passing inserts a definition of it.

Metaphor—the transference of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to other objects which appear to participate in the peculiarities of the first, by means of the imagination, which is especially vigorous in the early periods of language—is an essential implement in the economy of language, &c.

In the table of Indo-Germanic languages we have the following:—

(B) The Iranian languages. The word Iran is really the same as Eran, derived from Arya. These are the old Bactrian or Zend, East Iranian, and Old Persian, West Iranian, the language of the cuneiform inscriptions.

Here it is mentioned as a startling fact that Iran is *really* the same as Eran! Scottish is actually identical with Scotch! This is harmless fun; but how of what follows? If the translators do not think they are enumerating five distinct languages, their juvenile readers will certainly understand it so. It should be "Old Bactrian or Zend (East Iranian), and Old Persian (West Iranian, [which is] the language of the Achaemenid cuneiform inscriptions)," so that only two languages are spoken of. Is it possible that the translators are not aware of the existence of more than one language written in cuneiform characters? They have thought fit to strike out the word *Achaemenid*, by which the Persian are distinguished from the Assyrian or Babylonian and the Accadian inscriptions—languages as far apart as Latin from Egyptian. Yet they have been aided by Mr. Sayce, who could have set them right better than any one else in England if they had asked him. But we are reluctantly brought to the discovery that the translation is only safe where the original is printed absolutely without fault and without abbreviations which might be misconstrued. Thus, in p. 109 we read:—"In Latin the *t* of the second personal ending is retained, as *est*." But this is the third, not the second, person. The whole paragraph is dealing with the third person, so that "second" would, even on that account, be suspicious. The original has *secundū*, an abbreviation for *secundūre*, and denotes the secondary form of the third person affix; the distinction between primary and secondary forms having been fully explained in the preceding pages. In the next page, after speaking of the second person plural *legitis*, we have "The imperfect shortens into *te, legite = legete, emphatic = tote*." A school-boy knows that *legite* and *legite* are imperative, not imperfect. The source of the error is here again the same; the original prints the abbreviation *Imp*, which our translators read *Imperfect*! Further, the translators have forgotten either to insert into the text the errata of the German edition, or to repeat them as errata. Thus, in p. 24 we hear of the old *vau* (here is another sentence spoiled by "breaking up") that "it remained at the beginnings of words," where the table of errata tells us to add "in Latin," which any intelligent reader would have seen to be a necessary limitation, inasmuch as in Greek it notoriously disappeared altogether.

But we will hold our hands. Such censure as this is thankless work to the critic. There was no need that these two particular persons should translate this book. The language in which it is written is one of the most generally known modern tongues; the subject is familiar, at least to all graduates in arts; the style plain and prosaic. Hundreds of persons could be found able and glad to translate it well. An incompetent translation is of no use in itself, bars the way against any other, condemns the author to be known in this country only by a travesty of his real thoughts and words, and to pose before an unsympathizing British public very like a fool. He may surely cry with reason "Save me from my friends!" Such various injury is done by bad translations. Moreover, the number of meritorious foreign works which can ever receive the honour of translation is in any case so small that it is especially desirable that the few should be presented in a satisfactory form. We are therefore especially jealous of the quality of translations from foreign languages, for which we regret to observe that far too low a standard seems to be accepted by writers and publishers.

A FAMILY PARTY IN THE PIAZZA OF ST. PETER.*

A FAMILY Party in the Piazza of St. Peter is a book which affects the appearance of a three-volume novel. It is really a

* A Family Party in the Piazza of St. Peter; and other Stories. By T. A. Trollope. London: Chatto & Windus. 1877.

collection of reprints of slight stories, historical sketches, and gossiping articles by Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope. There is perhaps something to be said against the practice of publishing one sort of literature in the garb peculiar to another sort. But we do not think that any one except the reader who cares for nothing but novels will be disappointed by the contents of the *Family Party*. To parody the Scotchman's panegyric on one of his national dishes, there is a deal of fine confused reading in the book. About life in Italy, whether it be the life of English and American residents, or of cockney tourists, or of peasants of the Campagna, or of the clerical nobles of Rome, Mr. Trollope tells us much that is amusing. Some of his stories are taken from the sources from which Mr. Browning has often drawn—the Italian criminal trials. We shall have to object to the truculent character of one or two among these tales, and it may be necessary to hint that Mr. Trollope is most successful when he strives least after humour and fine writing. Some slips in style look like errors of the press. But, before examining his sketches in detail, it is fair to say that they are full of various interest, and that the three volumes contain more pages worth reading than, as a rule, do thirty volumes of the ordinary novel of commerce.

Mr. Trollope begins with the story which gives its name to the book. A family party of Italians is waiting in the Piazza of St. Peter to witness the great procession in celebration of the festival of the Corpus Domini. Since the "robber troops" of Italy entered Rome the procession has never gladdened the eyes of sight-seers; and indeed, as the feast fell sixty days after Easter, but few English people ever beheld it. Early in the summer morning Mr. Trollope's family party begins to come on the scene. Sure, never was there so handsome a party. First, there is Lucia Savelli, "a superb specimen of the grandest type of the Roman 'popolana.' Her throat is a superb column, and she has an enormous wealth of raven black hair. The best and most beautiful of girls is a sculptor's model, has a scoundrel for a father, and a sculptor's workman for a lover. The father, possessing a dirty old patent of nobility, can conceive of no career more lucrative and honourable than that which has scarcely a name; and Carlo, the lover, being not only poor, but a base mechanic, has little hope of marrying the daughter of the Roman noble. Lucia's friend Ninetta is delicately pale, with large violet-coloured eyes, and her *dame* is a profligate young *sous-lieutenant* in the French army occupying Rome. Then there is the uncle from the country, Tancredi Melitta, the *buttero*; and if any one is not satisfied with the interesting account of *butteri* given here, he will find a picture of them and of their athletic sports and vigorous profession in Vol. III. p. 75. A little contadina, Clelia Braschi, whom any one would call lovely if Lucia and Ninetta were out of the way, and her sweetheart, make up the family party; and the party and the reader witness the great procession, and see the Pope pretending to kneel in a peculiarly constructed chair, wherein he really sits at ease. Mr. Trollope's description of the mendicant friars may be quoted as a fair specimen of his style in thought and expression:—

Did the reader ever chance to see a procession of mendicant friars? It is a sight often to be seen on less magnificent occasions and scenes than those of the Corpus Domini at Rome, and it is a very remarkable one for anybody, who has a Lavaterish eye, or any phrenological notions. The shaven scalps of the bareheaded figures show the character of the heads and faces to the greatest advantage, or disadvantage, as it would be more accurate to say. And with singularly few exceptions, the collection of revoltingly low types is quite extraordinary. From the almost idiotic expression resulting from the poor starved brow, flattened head and receding chin, to the thin lips, eager eye, and conically shaped skull that marks the fanatic; from the malignant scowl indicating unmistakable hostility to all the world outside the cloister gate, to the pinched fox-like physiognomy telling of petty spite towards all within it; and from the utter vacancy of simply animal existence, to the heavy jowl, gross pendant lips, and undeveloped forehead of the mere brutal sensualist;—every most repellent variety of human type will be observed among the heavily draped figures, so listlessly dragging their lary limbs in the long crawling line. Here and there a face and head may be seen that tell absolutely nothing; never one that indicates aught of elevation, or spirituality, or nobility. In truth, how should there be such?

A small amount of story is mixed up with a great deal of description. By the extraordinary influence and sagacity of Mr. Jenkins, an American sculptor, called Chianquinsi by his Italian models, the scoundrelly Roman noble is obliged to give his consent to the marriage of Lucia and Carlo, the eyes of Ninetta are opened to the sins of her French wooer, and she is easily consoled by the hand of Jenkins himself, and is now "an acknowledged ornament of the peculiar artistic society of the Eternal City." There is much that is pretty and touching in the picture of the hard struggles and innocent poverty of poor Ninetta and Lucia.

The *Family Party* is much more successful than the "Magic Lantern." In this sketch some English tourists meet a strange nun and an interesting novice. They were obviously kinswomen:—

There was in both the same long oval contour of face; in both a similarly noble expanse of pale, marble-like, and lofty forehead. In each the strongly-marked arch of jet-black eyebrow gave force and picturesque character to the face. In each the long, dark silken lashes fringed eyes equally black, large, and lustrous. But the expression of each feature, and of the whole together, was entirely different. The fire of the elder eye was like that of the forked-lightning, that blasts and withers. The liquid lustre that streamed from the floating orbs of the younger was like the innocuous sheet-lightning of the tropics, that sheds its soft gleam on all that meets it, and brightens into temporary brilliance all it falls on.

We quite agree with Mr. Trollope that "they were a pair eminently calculated to arrest the attention of the most careless observer." But we cannot pretend to care much about the lady

of "the elder eye" and the "forked-lightning," especially when we learn that "every bad, every degrading passion that can most effectually wipe away the distinction between man and the inferior creation seemed to be the denizen of this perfect form." After a career of unbridled profligacy, this bad woman became a nun, and made her natural daughter take the veil, "and the result was—as has been seen." The story contains a fair picture of travel and of Italian *patienza* in the presence of a broken bridge; but it was hardly worth reprinting. "The Castle in the Apennines" is an historical sketch, and the castle was the scene of the revolting crimes of one of the worst of the Medici. "A Bit of Tuscan Life in the Seventeenth Century" is a tale of coarse passion, dastardly murder, treachery, and cruelty. The local colour, if the term may be used, is skilfully managed; one seems to see the interior of the Tuscan clerk's dark office, or of the lonely grange where two soldiers slew all the members of a family save a child. And again, there is a picturesque description of the old tavern in Bologna where the assassin was taken. Description, we think, is Mr. Trollope's strong point. Nothing, in its way, can be much better than the "Heiress of Galera." Galera is, or was, a little town once possessed by the Orsini, dating from Etruscan times, and set on one of the heights where towns were perched for security. Malaria has actually emptied the town, the place is absolutely deserted, the sculptured gateways are falling into ruin, and the tropical richness of nature covers the fallen stones with a web of fantastic design. In the loneliness and decay one woman still lived, or rather lingered—a figure like Malaria herself. "No less surely than St. Peter's dome was this lone figure the legitimate and normal outcome of all that Rome has begotten and tolerated during all the centuries that have elapsed since first she sat herself in purple upon her seven hills." This is a chapter so vividly conceived that in reading it one is actually transported into the rich colours and soft air of Italy, and feels the strange sense that the spring bears into places where nature is so opulent and fresh amid the ruin of cities and races.

Much of Mr. Trollope's book is taken up with pictures of the picnics, sports, feasts, and flirtations of English and of American people in Rome. Thus we have a "Meet at the Tomb of Cecilia Metella," an event which has perhaps been written about quite often enough. At the meet we are introduced to such samples of Anglo-Roman society, as Courtney Smith the cockney, and the young American lady whom he calls Norar Ratkins. Miss Atkins and her mother and sister are in pleasant contrast with the Tomkynnes family, who, not being of high degree, try to "get on" by affecting a deep regret for Rome as it was before 1871, and a tender interest in the Martyr of the Vatican. There is probably no more irritating sort of snobbishness than the contempt which some English people profess to entertain for Italian efforts to establish freedom and to strengthen united Italy. Mr. Trollope satirizes the Tomkynnes class of politicians with very creditable good humour, and gives an amusing account of the "dear old Roman society" which no longer exists:—

There were sure to be from half a dozen to half a score or so of cardinals, magnificent in their scarlet stockings, and coats bound with scarlet edging. They generally used to gather together, and very frequently on a cold evening on the hearthrug, looking like a covey of some sort of huge red-legged fowls. The present writer, then a youngster, well remembers how, his curiosity having been excited by such a group, he gradually edged himself into the immediate neighbourhood of these specimens of a class of humanity then quite new to him, speculating much on the nature of the words of wisdom which must have been passing from such lips to such ears. Presently he was able to catch the following utterances enunciated with much deliberation, and in those pure and well-articulated accents which have made the "lingua Toscana in bocca Romana" famous: "E molto male, sai, di mangiare troppo la sera." ("It is very bad, you know, to eat too much of an evening.") The speaker was a tall, meagre old man, with a retreating forehead and parrot-like beak, whose long nether limbs exhibited a magnificent expanse of scarlet stocking. Then there followed a chorus of "Gias" and nods and grunts, which seemed to indicate that sundry of his hearers could testify to the truth of that profound dictum from the depths of their own sad experiences.

When Mr. Trollope takes the Atkins family and their friends to the Villa Adriana, he yields to the archaeological influences of the place, and shows himself too "historically minded." His readers will feel, with a bitter sense of injury, that here is instruction where they looked for nothing but amusement. To tell the truth one of the characters, called Anderson, probably a Scotchman, is very prosy with his sketch of the naughtinesses of Hadrian. The German *savant*, Herr Doppelstaub, speaks English when he is to be instructive, and an imitation of the dialect of the Cousin Pons, in Balzac, when he is to be amusing. This looks like an adaptation of the stage theory that people talk blank verse when in earnest, and prose when less excited. Why should Herr Doppelstaub say "Ma tear yellow, ve must dink a little of bosderity" in one page, and "Why are you insensible to the stimulus of the imagination" in the other, quite like an Englishman who preferred long words?

There is so much variety in Mr. Trollope's three short volumes that it is difficult to notice all his sketches. "Plogarrian" is a rather dull story of life in Brittany. A bad second son wants to marry a doctor's daughter, and though his father, his elder brother, and his elder brother's wife die off with obliging punctuality, the lady leaves a little boy, whom the wicked uncle treats as wicked uncles always do. The child is exposed on a rock, is picked up and taken care of by a benevolent sea captain, falls in love, becomes a priest, and learns from the dying confession of the man who exposed him the secret of his own birth. He is thus able to put pressure on his wicked uncle, and, in a Christian spirit, makes him

consent to let his son marry the girl whom the priest had loved in vain. There are some clever touches in the description of the wild seas and sea-coast of Finisterre.

The best of the historical papers in these volumes are "Records of the Venetian Inquisition." Mr. Trollope quotes a document in which the three Inquisitors in 1755 calmly observe that "the poisonous substances kept for the service of the tribunal were scattered about among the presses of papers, so as to cause a danger of accident; and, moreover, that many of these substances have become bad by lapse of time; and, further, that with regard to many of them, neither the nature, nor the proper dose, is now known." Mr. Trollope remarks on the likeness of Italian to Irish peasantry. Surely there is something almost as Irish as Italian in this frank confession of the casual arrangements of the Inquisition. In June 1646 the Governor of Dalmatia sent to the Inquisitors to ask for poison to poison the wells and destroy the Turks. We don't know whether this would now be thought quite a fair stratagem, even in St. James's Hall; but the Inquisitors did send a thousand pounds of arsenic. The poison reached the Governor, but perhaps "the proper dose" was not known, or, may be, it was arsenic that had lost its savour by lapse of time. At all events we do not hear that the Turks were any the worse for this device of Christian warfare.

It has been shown, we hope, that Mr. Trollope's three volumes contain abundance of interesting matter. Almost every taste will find something to suit its wants, and we cannot leave the book without thanking the author for the amusement which he has given us.

DENNIS'S STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THIS is one of the numerous books that appear every year in England the chief object of which seems to be to set a reviewer meditating on the whole vexed question of the expediency of republishing magazine and newspaper articles in a permanent form. This question of republication indeed, now that the scope of periodical literature is so large and the number of writers of all qualities engaged in it is so great, is one which a man's literary conscience is bound to try more and more carefully as time goes on, and as the old saying of the making of many books becomes more and more appallingly true. The standard of literary work in our generation is undoubtedly a higher average standard than was the case in bygone years. In all departments we are now accustomed to a greater insistence upon accuracy of matter and orderliness of statement. The historical and scientific manuals of our grandfathers are no longer alive among us, and in their place we have a literature of popular education imbued with the best spirit of European scholarship, and attracting to its service the best and most careful workers in all fields. In all the more precise departments of thought, success without capital is no more possible than it is in the commercial world. For "work," and the results of work, the present generation has for the most part a superstitious reverence, abundantly proved by the crop of specialists which even England has now to show. In one department of literature only—leaving that of the novel out of count—is the standard of both matter and execution lower rather than higher than that of past years. While few men will undertake nowadays, under the eyes of watchful specialists, a History of England or a Primer of Botany without a sufficient knowledge of their subject, it almost seems as if all men with a certain degree of education and a certain habit of handling a pen thought themselves entirely competent to undertake what is called "literary criticism"—a kind of work, it must be remembered, which may at any time include the judgment and interpretation of the world's greatest men. Now with literary criticism periodical literature is inevitably more largely concerned than with any other class of work. Next to fiction and political discussion, the discussion of things literary attracts a larger public than anything else. The supply which meets this large and increasing demand must necessarily be of varying quality; and to bring any very exacting judgment to bear upon a great number of the articles which meet one's eye month by month or week by week would obviously be absurd. In the second-class magazines most of the literary articles are undisguisedly mere padding, meant to help out the novel or novels on which circulation really depends. Even those which profess to draw from a higher level of workers are so often and so profitably used to godfather first attempts that, except in the case of well-known names, a reader who should seriously scrutinize what a magazine has to give him is mostly but a fool for his pains. But, when the pages which have amused a spare half-hour with their prattle of great names take to themselves another shape, when the articles become a book jostling with other books, they ask, and ought to have, a very different kind of attention. The essays which Mr. Dennis published from time to time in the *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*, the *Cornhill*, and elsewhere, were nobody's business but the author's and the editor's. Great authors may be supposed to have a kind of long-standing contract with the public, to which the public has a right of appeal even with regard to their lightest productions; but the world has no such honourable claim upon the majority of those who cater for its amusement and instruction. We have certainly no intention of reproaching Mr. Dennis with neglect of the responsibilities of genius. We simply wish to point out that in republishing his articles he has put them into an altogether false position; and

that in appealing on their behalf from the more or less frivolous public of the magazines to the more or less serious public of books proper, he was guilty of rashness, to say the least of it. Supposing a classification of magazine writing into articles that should be republished, articles that may be republished, and articles that should on no account be republished, it seems to us that Mr. Dennis's work belongs for the most part irredeemably to the last class, and at no time reaches to a high place in the second. Of articles that should be republished we can all recall a great many. The world would be the poorer if Lord Macaulay had never rescued the famous Essays from the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*; if Mr. Carlyle had left the papers which make up his Miscellanies to die in the desert of back-numbers; or, to come to later years, if Mr. Matthew Arnold's books and Mr. Pater's Studies were only to be enjoyed after long hunts through piles of the *Fortnightly* and the *Cornhill*. Of articles, again, that may be republished every month brings us specimens in the shape of papers which deserve for various reasons to live at least a little longer than the number which originally fathered them. Lastly, of articles that should on no account be republished, that owe their existence only to the necessities of editors and the ignorance of readers, the name is Legion, and the thought of them vanity. It is Mr. Dennis's own fault that by republishing his originally harmless papers he should have brought himself into inevitable contact with the lowest, and comparison with the highest, of workers.

In the first place, as one turns over the pages of Mr. Dennis's Studies, one is oppressed with a perpetual sense of "quelque chose de déjà dit," as a French critic has happily expressed it, which, in the case of the essay on Steele, soon drives the puzzled reader to his bookshelves in search of a certain obsolete work called Thackeray's *English Humourists*. This work is only too well known to Mr. Dennis; but we cannot suppose that he imagines it to be known to any one else; otherwise he would surely have quoted a few more incidents not mentioned by his model, and arranged his material a little differently from Mr. Thackeray. Unfortunately for Mr. Dennis, the book of which he has so liberally availed himself is not yet inaccessible to the curious; and the severest thing that we can say of him is that we hope all his readers will take down their volume of Thackeray and study the two essays side by side. Commonplace reflection, uncertain grasp, colourless style are thrown into their proper relief by a comparison with Thackeray's glowing and inimitable pages; and indistinct portraiture by a reference to that wonderful picture of Steele and the life of Steele's day which so moved and angered poor Charlotte Brontë. It cannot be said that Mr. Dennis has worked up a different vein of facts from Thackeray. His own quotations and anecdotes follow Thackeray's so closely that one is forced to doubt whether he can have read much more of Steele's letters than was to be found in Thackeray's foot-notes, or can have made much use of any other authority for the facts of Steele's life. A curious reader may find it worth while to compare the two men's handling of the same set of facts. One is none the worse, in these days of universal cleverness, for a momentary glimpse into the gulf which lies between genius and a knack for English composition. And the comparison is all but inevitable, because Mr. Dennis, having to his own satisfaction re-dressed Thackeray's facts, is careful to inform us that Thackeray's general conception of Steele's character is quite erroneous and ought not to be adopted. The piece of criticism by which he bolsters up this remark is a remarkable instance of deadness to the higher and finer moods of literary judgment.

We must not confine ourselves, however, to Mr. Dennis's treatment of Steele. Turning to the earlier essays on Pope and Prior, we find the same use of Thackeray's material, supplemented by copious extracts from those equally inaccessible writers, Mr. Pattison, Dr. Abbott, and Mrs. Oliphant. Here again we are brought to what we said before—these papers written for magazines, in the style of the magazines, ought to have remained in the magazines. It is quite possible that a reader of a periodical may find it handy to have the preface to the Clarendon Press *Essay on Man* quoted for him; but when the article is bound up in a permanent shape a reference is sufficient, without a page-long quotation. Not that Mr. Dennis is not perhaps wise to fill up so much of his space with quotation; for his own remarks are of this quality:—"The *Rape of the Lock*, a poem which stands alone in our language, is the happiest specimen we possess of ludicrous poetry"—to be compared no doubt, in the critic's opinion, with *Miss Kilmarnock* and the *Bab Ballads*. Again, the *Dunciad* is "full, as Mr. Ward has remarked, of scathing invectives." Professor Adolphus Ward's edition has many merits, but we suspect that the editor would be the last to claim the remark that Mr. Dennis has pitched upon as an original discovery. Again, to select a sentence from a dreary piece of sermonizing about Pope's Elegy, "The concluding passage shows how possible it is for a great artist to express natural—we might almost say commonplace—reflections in a form which charms the reader, if it does not more powerfully affect him." On this we may make two observations; first, that it is not only "possible" for a great artist to do this with "natural reflections," but it is precisely that which makes him a great artist; and next, that it is all too possible for others who are not great artists to make "natural, we might almost say commonplace, reflections" in a way which does not charm the reader, though it "powerfully affects" him.

He is a bold man who at this time of day attempts to say anything new about Pope, who is of all our poets the best known in

* *Studies in English Literature*. By John Dennis. London: Stanford. 1876.

his life as well as in his writings. To most readers it would seem enough that he should within twenty years have been edited at length by Mr. Elwin and Mr. Ward, and in part by Mr. Pattison, and treated in an exhaustive essay by such a student of poetry as Professor Conington. Mr. Dennis, however, apparently thinks that he can add something to our knowledge of the poet, and the result is what we have seen. But sometimes the titles of his essays are more stimulating to the reader's curiosity; "The Warton," "English Rural Poetry," "The English Sonnet," are good titles, and are subjects on which every reader would like to be informed. But what kind of treatment of them do we find? The same as before; abundant gossip, references to well-known books, a fair sprinkling of facts, but no grasp and no sense of the significance of this or that publication. Of Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry*, for example, Mr. Dennis quotes Southey's perfectly true and sagacious saying that its appearance, and that of *Percy's Reliques*, "promoted beyond any other the growth of a better taste than had prevailed for a hundred years preceding." But between that remark and one in the same sense quoted from Mr. Stopford Brooke come a couple of undigested pages of depreciation or faint praise, which show that the writer has wholly failed to realize what Southey and Mr. Brooke meant, and that he has no real understanding of the great and unprecedented work that Warton did. When Mr. Dennis has gone through one-hundredth part of the patient toil of Warton, it will be time enough for him to begin to talk of Warton's "consummate laziness." It is needless to pursue the subject of Mr. Dennis's shortcomings any further. The faults that we have been noticing are present throughout the volume (except perhaps in the paper on Southey, which is something approaching towards a proper treatment of a man who is being too rapidly forgotten); and they are faults which it is impossible to pass by. There is no real attempt to grasp character. Mr. Dennis has skimmed several books, but studied none. He strings together anecdotes and remarks without seeing that the anecdotes sometimes contradict the remarks and that one extract falsifies another. After an account of Pope's life which leaves a grotesquely unpleasant impression, he gives us, by way of an "apposite quotation," Thackeray's account of the poet's death; an account which, unless Thackeray was the falsest and most servile of critics, turns Mr. Dennis's own jaunty narrative of Pope's life into an impertinence. One sentence of Mr. Dennis's, however, we may accept without reservation; it comes near the end of his remarks about satire:—

That poetry is an art will be universally accepted as a truism; but much of our recent verse that has attained a large share of popularity is composed by men who are not artists. They say what they feel without considering what is fitting to be said; they lack the sense of proportion, of congruity, of that harmony which may be regarded as the keystone to all artistic work.

The application to the author of this book and to his class is too obvious. "They say what they feel without considering what is fitting to be said." They give their subjects no really delicate and careful work; their style and thought are both without finish. They write agreeably, but merely agreeable writing is only to be tolerated on themes a little less well worn than those which Mr. Dennis has chosen.

LETTERES INÉDITES DE MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.*

THE editor of the volumes before us, M. Charles Capmas (Professor of Law at Dijon), says very truly that, however little respect his countrymen may pay to the past in some points, they never paid more respect to its literature than they do now. What zeal in particular, he exclaims, what devotion to their true classics, the writers of the seventeenth century! What search after their missing works, what pursuit after the authentic text! What research, what investigations! Nothing is spared, nothing is neglected; their leading scholars, their most eminent living authors, assisting in the pious labour, and consecrating not only their leisure, but often their hours of rest, to the task of restoring the glories of their national literature to their full lustre. This veneration, to which editions in all the luxury of fine paper, handsome type, and broad margins daily testify, is certainly a remarkable feature of modern French society. We have nothing quite analogous to it among ourselves—a fact which of course may be accounted for in various ways—nothing certainly to answer to the series of *Les grands écrivains de la France* now coming out under the auspices of MM. Hachette, in which honourable company Mme. de Sévigné figures first.

The appearance of these two bulky volumes so soon after the issue of that important edition involves a history, related by M. Capmas with a sense of its importance which only long concentration of time and thought on one subject, and that under touching circumstances, could have brought to such a height of enthusiasm. To the ordinary, and especially to the English, reader ten volumes of letters from one hand leave nothing further to be desired from the same source. We feel the charm, we do justice, we think, to the grace, the spirit, the sweetness, the versatility, the keen perception, the strong sense of the matchless series. But, after all, other people have written letters, and there are other books to be read. As far as showing what the mind of the writer is made of, we cannot suppose that more letters would tell us more. We content

ourselves with assuming that in a thousand or two of letters even the most fruitful epistolary genius must have had room to play out its resources. But this is reading for oneself, not with the loving, but jealous and finely critical, sensitiveness of patriotic enthusiasm:—

Les productions de l'esprit, les œuvres littéraires surtout, marquées au coin du véritable génie, sont si rares, que leur perte ou leur déformation font toujours naître de vifs regrets. On voudrait ressaisir des biens si précieux; on voudrait pouvoir faire revivre ces œuvres délicates, détruites ou mutilées par le temps, ou corrompues par la négligence ou la barbarie; on voudrait pouvoir les rendre entières et dans tout leur éclat au public qui en a été déshérité. De là ces vœux, ces souhaits qu'on entend si souvent, et qui n'ont vraiment d'autre tort que celui d'être, hélas! trop rarement exaucés: "Si je trouvais une comédie de Ménandre! . . . Si j'avais la bonne fortune de découvrir quelque œuvre ignorée ou seulement quelques belles pages d'un de nos grands écrivains!"

It has been M. Capmas's happiness to find his "comedy of Menander," and these volumes are the result of his discovery. In order to establish its authenticity, he puts the reader in possession of the history of the full series of these letters from the first. Bussy de Rabutin, cousin of Mme. de Sévigné, and one of her numerous correspondents, "to whom much must be forgiven" for the merit of having been alive to her extraordinary genius, was the first to publish soon after her death some of her letters to himself. His example was followed by others, but it was not till thirty years after that event that any of her letters to her daughter saw the light, and then against the intention of those immediately concerned; who had made the collection for private use only, without any intention of their being given to the world. These letters undoubtedly contain the flower of her genius; as she writes:—

Je vous donne avec plaisir la fleur de tous les paniers, c'est à dire la fleur de mon esprit, de ma tête, de mes yeux, de ma plume, de mon écriture; et puis le reste va comme il peut! Je me divertis autant avec vous que je labourais avec les autres.

The editor takes pains to show how it was that a publication reflecting so much honour on her family should have been given to the world against their will. The Marchioness de Simiane, granddaughter to Mme. de Sévigné, and inheritor of her mother's correspondence, made very serious complaints of abuse of confidence—complaints which perhaps would not go for much with the world, but that, as he argues, if she had been really concerned with the publication, she would have taken some care that the text should be correctly given; whereas in this early edition (of 1726) there are gross blunders in every page, blunders which have cost subsequent editors untold labour, and which closely concern his great discovery. From this edition he passes to those more considerable ones, edited by the Chevalier de Perrin in 1734, 1737, and 1754, not without many well-merited hits at that gentleman's ideas of the duties of his office. They were ideas common enough in those days, when it was permitted to change the text by substituting formal phrases for familiarities not suited to the dignity of type, to adapt, to doctor, and to tear passages away from their context at pleasure, and even to interpolate on occasion, as where M. de Perrin inserts words of praise of his own, easily detected by the critic; "qui découvre aisément, que cet éloge (de M. de Pomponne), dont le style, embarrassé et lourd, s'écarte sensiblement de la manière simple et naturelle de Mme. de Sévigné, a été jeté par l'éditeur entre deux passages écrits pour se suivre immédiatement." Yet the Chevalier had worked to some purpose, and gets his meed of praise, as do the *grandes et belles éditions* which have succeeded each other with more or less success and honour since the beginning of this century. Of these the leading editor is M. Monmerqué, the object at once of M. Capmas's admiration and most respectful compassion. For after his edition in ten volumes, published in 1818, which formed *une époque toute nouvelle pour le texte*, there came into his hands not only some few original letters, but a manuscript written early in the eighteenth century, called from the library in which it was discovered "the Grosbois MS.," containing two hundred and sixty letters of Mme. de Sévigné to her daughter. Though only a copy, it was proved to have been taken before any of the letters had been published, and was pronounced a mine, a treasure, which then justly deserved the title of incomparable. Henceforth it was M. Monmerqué's object to bring out another edition, and to this he devoted the remaining thirty years of his life—"noble entreprise, dans laquelle il avait mis toute sa vie, toute sa sollicitude et ses meilleures espérances"—a devotion unrewarded by fulfilment. On his death-bed he committed the completion of his life's labour to his friend and *confrère* of the Institut, M. Adolphe Regnier. Nor was this friend unworthy of the trust. The edition "si vivement désirée" came out at length with the boast, not presumptuous after such labour and research, that it was "définitive." But "l'inattendu" has never done its work; and scarcely had the new edition been received with general welcome when another discovery threw the former one into the shade. At a sale of old furniture and some few books at Semur-en-Auxois, a brokeress from Dijon was inspired to offer a trifle for six volumes of MS. which escaped the penetration of more experienced eyes. For fifteen months her purchase stood on her shelves, "obligé d'endurer des voisinages compromettants bien peu dignes de lui." It called itself a copy, and those who opened one of the calf-bound volumes put it down again as so much waste paper. Still the report of the MS. reached M. Capmas; he advised those who saw it to buy it, but his advice was disregarded. At length the counsels he gave to others he bestowed on himself; he repaired to Mme. Caquelin (for every name connected with such a subject should be recorded),

* *Lettres inédites de Madame de Sévigné: extraites d'un ancien Manuscrit.* Paris: Hachette & Co.

and became possessor of the treasure in the month of March 1873. The description of the MS. and the arguments to prove its authenticity and value take up 140 pages of the first volume, and the point to be proved is by general consent successfully carried:—

Nous n'oublierons jamais avec quelle promptitude et quelle intelligence MM. Hachette se rendirent compte dès notre première entrevue de l'importance du nouveau manuscrit, que quelques leçons citées de mémoire leur suffirent pour apprécier. Nous n'oublierons jamais non plus l'aimable empressement avec lequel dès le lendemain l'honorable M. Adolphe Regnier vint matinalement nous surprendre, pour recevoir à son tour, et d'une manière plus complète, communication de l'inspérée trouvaille.

This is the father of all copies; there seems to be no doubt that the Grosbois MS. is taken from it. It contains many new letters, innumerable fragments omitted in the published letters, and throws light on many obscure and unintelligible passages. It is clear that the original letters were given to the copyist with due instructions, and perhaps equally clear that a copy left to his discretion, and never revised or collated with the originals, can only have been meant for private use, with no idea of publication.

One of the amusing points in the introduction is the analysis of a copyist's mind and of the principles on which he acts, as illustrated in the executant of the Grosbois copy. In the first place, he acted on the famous adage that "ce qui est de trop ne gêne rien," so that when a particular passage was marked to be copied he began, not with the word indicated, but with the line in which it stood. For it should be explained that the Grosbois is only an abridgment of the new discovery. Where extracts from a letter are given the date of the letter is never inserted; sometimes two fragments from the same letter have a fragment from another of a different date inserted between them, the copyist often not taking the pains to separate one from another by a line or a comma even; the utter want of intelligence thus shown proving at least his incapacity for any premeditated alteration:—

C'est avec un véritable acharnement en particulier que le copiste altère le temps des verbes et souvent leurs modes. C'est peut-être avec plus de fureur encore, et comme de parti pris, qu'il substitue à tout moment les uns aux autres, les titres de Monsieur, Madame, Monseigneur, et autres, le plus souvent écrits en abrégé.

Add to all this that often a whole line is omitted with the most *tristes résultats*. Some of his blunders have even misled the lexicographer; the conscientious M. Sommer finding the words—

Il faut m'arracher le cœur qui vous aime ou souffrir que je prenne un grand et présent intérêt à vous; cela ne se peut séparer—

has registered this use of the adjective *présent*, though not met with elsewhere. And M. Littré has given it a place in his Dictionary on the same solitary authority; yet it turns out that what was really written was not *présent*, but *pressant*.

We follow the editor throughout in his clever exposures of the *malheureux copiste*, in his able critiques, and in his enthusiasm; but perhaps the abiding comfort to the wielders of less favoured pens lies in the impression which remains that Mme. de Sévigné's credit stands exactly where it was. It is from people's own blunders, not from the stupidity of other people, that they permanently suffer. We judge of performance and character on broader principles. An awkward phrase does not make an awkward writer; a confused passage does not detract from our appreciation of a transparent style; a few more happy turns scarcely add anything to a long-established estimate of brilliant powers. Some of the recovered letters are characteristic of the writer's best manner, but for the excision of most of the restored passages and of some whole letters there is generally deliberate intention and good reason apparent. They are too plain-spoken perhaps, or too trivial, or too domestic, or too intimate; but always the writer leaves an impression of sincerity, however exuberant her strain of affection; always we are charmed by her gaiety, her sweetness, her lively imagination, and her sound sense.

THE SAVAGE LIFE.*

THERE are particular times and moods during which such books as *Savage Life* are especially welcome. If Wordsworth dedicated his sonnets to those who feel the weight of too much liberty, Mr. Boyle, on the contrary, ought to hope to find a critic who is in the very opposite predicament—one who is glad, if only for an hour or two, to get quit of moral bases, æsthetic culture, "Western Europe," and all the garniture of our modern literary life. No thought of such bugbears as morality or civilization hampers the generous growth of character and individuality among the heroes of these stories. The kind of savages to whom we are introduced have, however, no sort of relationship with the noble savage of Rousseau and the Rousseauists; they belong rather to a class of beings to whom has been given the vague, but not inexpressive, name of rowdies. Said to be indigenous in America, the rowdy may be, and is, found in almost every quarter of the globe, though by preference he lives rather upon the outskirts of civilization. He might, if he were in a poetical mood—and some of Mr. Boyle's rowdies show at times a great taste for high-flown language—liken his order to fairies and elves who retreat before the rays of the sun; for so has he a tendency to retreat, and even die out, before advancing civilization. The true vocation of the rowdy seems to be that of professional gambler—as he himself styles it, "sportsman"; but

he is rarely found to turn away from any expedient for acquiring sudden wealth. His mission is to teach the world how quickly money may be got and spent; and in the enthusiasm thereof human life itself becomes of but secondary moment.

Stories which deal with this peculiar phase of savage life ought not to be devoid of incident, though the incidents may not be of the pleasantest possible character. There is no lack of murders and sudden deaths in this volume, throughout which there are not more than half-a-dozen stories which have not what one may call a melodramatic tinge. There is not, however, the objection to melodrama in real life that we feel for it upon the stage; but then, before extending the full privilege of this allowance to our author, we could have wished to be quite assured that he has in no case used the traveller's license of spinning yarns. We must make, in this respect, to *Savage Life* the same objection which we preferred against *Camp Notes*—that the writer gives no clear indication of the boundary line where fact merges into fiction. At one time he is evidently narrating his own experiences; at another he does not profess to do so; at a third, after relating a really telling "Romance of the Gold Coast," he suddenly bursts into candour and rather mars the effect by saying:—"I shall be perfectly frank. This tragedy I have told you did not really take place under my own observation nor in the course of the late war. I have post-dated it, and given it somewhat of a personal 'colour' in order to make interesting events which came before me in the bald outline of a police report. I hope I have succeeded. The substantial truth of the story has been impaired in no way." Though his language sometimes savours too much of the cheap magazines Mr. Boyle has a genuine power of description which gives a great charm to his book. For, strange to say, this faculty, though, in truth, the one thing needful, is not often to be found in the real traveller, who seems usually to think that a mere catalogue of all he saw will produce a vivid impression on the mind of the reader. Mr. Boyle is not of this sort. He does manage to make us realize the scenery of places which he knows, whether he is describing the plains of South Africa or the woods of America. Take, for instance, the following passage, which is not unworthy of Bret Harte:—

But mostly Dolores preferred to sit by the door, doing nothing and not thinking consciously, as I believe. In her ears were all the sad stillly noises of forest and water. The brown eddies gurgled and raced before her, making a ceaseless motion in the dell, and filling the air with troubled humming. Not far below the torrent widened, breaking into shallower and rougher ground. Faint but clear in distance, treble rose the angry cry of the rapid. And then, all the bright day through, there was a buzzing of countless wings, a rushing and whizzing of jewelled flies, a radiant quiver of sound and airy life from the little space of grass. The lizards rustled and chirruped; the blue jays called to each other; the jungle floor lighted upon an old dead tree, and sounded his one clear note of defiance. More than these, beyond and over them all, the place was haunted by a deep low voice—the whisper of the forest. Over hundreds of miles, with never a pause day or night, the trees passed on their tale of centuries telling. Sometimes, whilst the sky darkened suddenly at the zenith, the voice rose to a frenzied scream. Sometimes it wailed as in a dying agony. But never was it still.

The Dolores to whom we are introduced as living in this solitude with her father, an old Indian, becomes the heroine of a story of love and revenge, such as would do honour to the boards of any transpentine theatre. At the opening the writer accidentally becomes a witness to the meeting between this maiden and a ruffianly lover, José Bermudes, alias Edwards, who has come with the design either of enticing the girl to steal her father's gold—for the old Indian had a hoard of gold which he had obtained from secret washings in the river—or, should she refuse, of murdering her father and carrying his daughter and his treasure away by force. He is to be assisted by a negro called Pépé. Their scheme is frustrated by the presence of strangers, and is further delayed by the fact that Edwards gets kidnapped and impressed into the rebel army, where he is after a while joined by Dolores, who, as though she had read all the romances in Christendom, puts on man's clothing and enlists in order to join her lover. Then they are married, and for a while live in some sort of discordant unity. But after a time, when the war is ended, and all the "loot" is spent, Edwards again meets with his old confederate, and his former schemes return into his mind. At length one night Dolores came to an American lady in Greytown urgently begging the loan of her husband's rifle. She was refused, but went away without signs of anger. About a week afterwards a musket and sword bayonet are found to have been abstracted from the Presidio. Suspicion falls upon Dolores, and the upshot is that an expedition is sent out to follow her traces back to her father's hut. When they arrive, they find that Dolores has taken her revenge upon the murderers of her father. Pépé, the negro, has just fallen; Edwards was already dead. "Between the bodies of Pépé and Edwards, stretched on his back and all covered with ghastly wounds, lay old Indian John. His persecutors had been with him nearly twenty-four hours. They had travelled by water."

This story affords a fair sample of the more melodramatic narratives. It is not of a pleasant character, but it is told with considerable force, and, in spite of its strangeness, is one which, we are told, came within the author's personal knowledge. The same is not the case with the story of "The Haunted Jungle," which, were it duly authenticated, might suggest questions of considerable interest. It appears that by the native Dyaks of Borneo there is believed to exist a diminutive race of men something like the Veddahs of Ceylon, the relics of some earlier native race. In Borneo these mysterious people are called Ujits. They live in the centre of the jungle, have scarcely ever been seen by man, and are of course

* *The Savage Life: a Second Series of "Camp Notes."* By Frederick Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

endowed by rumour with a semi-supernatural character. "The Haunted Jungle" gives the experiences of an Englishman—an uneducated Englishman—of these Ujits. He had been travelling for three days through the jungle, and his Dyak guide had for some time shown a wish to turn back, when at last he fairly refused to proceed. "Just then I felt two or three light taps upon my helmet. One doesn't let a circumstance of that sort pass in the forest without notice. It may be a snake or a scorpion as has tumbled from above. With a swing of my arm I sent the helmet flying quick as thought." These taps came from poisoned arrows, which are not shot, but blown from blow-pipes by the Ujits. Two arrows had already fatally wounded the two attendants who were in front. The narrator thus describes what he saw:—

Quick as a breeze the thing passed through the wood. I heard soft, gentle sounds like sighing. I see a dozen little atoms drop noiseless from above, steal from behind the trunks, rise from the very earth whispering. But for that low rustling it was deathly still. Oh! they glided from trunk to trunk, melting from sight in the vista—grey shadows naked, about half the size of a human! Whispering and rustling, they vanished smooth as ghosts at dawn.

If the reader thinks this language rather high-flown for a backwoodsman, we cannot help it.

Among stories of a less thrilling nature, three or four which relate the author's experiences in the Cape Diamond-fields have a good deal of interest for any one who has not followed closely the history of these discoveries. He provokingly, however, breaks off his history at the most exciting moment, just before the discovery of "the greatest diamond-field that ever was—yes, greater than all diamond-fields that ever were, together." From this, he turns aside to tell us his own adventures, which begin after the great discovery at New Rush has been made. In all these stories the writer is evidently speaking from his personal knowledge. Indeed we think the observant eye can generally detect a description of any scene whereof the writer has not himself been a witness. It is not stated that Mr. Boyle has ever been in Egypt—indeed the story of "The Egyptian Martyr" does not seem to be narrated at first hand—and we are disposed to be incredulous concerning the existence of the mad savant he describes. No one who had been in the land of the Pharaohs would speak of elephant-headed gods, or of Isis as a man, and none of the great temples quite correspond with the description of the place where the Egyptian martyr made his home. It would perhaps be unfair to cavil at such niceties as these; for no doubt the class of readers to whom Mr. Boyle especially addresses himself are not particular so long as his stories are light and interesting. In this respect we have few faults to find; the style is not a model of literary excellence, but the volume is, in spite of its defects, eminently readable.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PRINCE HARDENBERG*, the great Prussian Premier of Napoleon's day, belongs to the number of eminent men who have tantalized the curiosity of their contemporaries by leaving their memoirs sealed up, with the injunction that these are not to be opened until the expiration of a certain period after their decease. The prescribed interval of fifty years having elapsed in 1872, the packets were opened, and the papers, by direction of Prince Bismarck, placed in the hands of the veteran historian Leopold von Ranke. By far the most important piece proved to be an autobiography, not however including, as had been hoped, the entire course of Hardenberg's political activity, but merely the unfortunate years 1805–1807. This memoir, distinguished in the opinion of Ranke by considerable literary ability, is in addition copiously interspersed with diplomatic correspondence and other public documents, including Hardenberg's own reports and memoranda on questions of foreign policy, frequently accompanied by the comments of the King himself. The earlier part of the document is necessarily chiefly occupied with diplomatic matters, especially with the treacherous occupation of Hanover by Prussia, which prepared the way for her own ruin. In the latter part military affairs take the principal place; and, without pretensions to the character of a military historian, Hardenberg nevertheless conveys a graphic idea of the course of events, with brief but lively sketches of the personages concerned. The particulars of the Peace of Tilsit are especially interesting. Hardenberg himself appears throughout to the greatest advantage, as, with the exception of Stein (at that period in disgrace), the sole Prussian statesman endowed with insight and resolution, and exempt from all blame for the calamities of his country. This autobiography occupies the second and third volumes of the work, and is prefaced and continued by two other volumes composed by Ranke, with the assistance of the papers bequeathed by Hardenberg. How far these volumes are actually based on new material is at present uncertain, the text of the documents being reserved for an appendix. They nevertheless afford between them a luminous view of the foreign relations of Prussia during the French revolutionary and Imperial period; the first volume comprehending events up to the commencement of Hardenberg's memoirs, and the second continuing these to the beginning of the War of Liberation in 1813, beyond which the documentary materials seem not to extend. Considerable discretion, however,

has no doubt been exercised in a publication undertaken under official auspices, and the apparent reticence of Ranke on several points encourages the idea that much may yet be in reserve. The work as it stands is a wonderful monument of indefatigable energy on the part of the octogenarian historian, who might have saved himself much labour by using the groundwork already prepared by Schöll, to whom the materials had been entrusted by Hardenberg in his lifetime, but whose work appeared to Ranke too indigested and voluminous. There is no falling off in clearness or fluency of style, and the only serious drawback is one which, attaching to all Ranke's works, is inevitable in this—the subordination of the national life to diplomacy and Cabinet affairs. By far the most interesting feature of the period is the recovery of Prussia from her fallen estate by military and administrative reforms, a matter less distinctively within Hardenberg's province than in Stein's or Scharnhorst's. The details of the reorganization, however, are not overlooked by Ranke; and the last piece in the volumes is a memoir on the reform of the administration in all its branches, drawn up by Hardenberg in September 1807, with the assistance of Altenstein and Niebuhr.

Dr. Heisterberg's essay on the origin of the Roman colonial system* is mainly a criticism of the theory of the late Professor Rodbertus; but, apart from the questions in controversy, it contains an interesting view of the economical condition of the later Empire, especially with reference to the supply of the capital from the provincial granaries of the Empire.

The *Notitia Dignitatum*† is an invaluable relic of the later Roman Empire, which may be defined as an Imperial Calendar of the time of Arcadius and Honorius. It has been very carefully edited by Otto Seeck, with facsimiles of the curious drawings of the original MS.

The second volume of W. Mannhardt's‡ important work on the rural and sylvan mythology of the ancients, especially as illustrated by the popular superstitions of the modern inhabitants of Northern Europe, treats principally of the affinities between Dryads, Centaurs, and similar creations of classical fancy on the one hand, and the fairies and brownies of Gothic, Slavonic, and Celtic mythology on the other. Another section traces a parallel between the rural and other popular festivals of the Greeks and Latins, and analogous observances among the peasantry of modern Europe. The connexion seems fully made out, and the result can only be to increase our admiration for the poetic and artistic instinct which in Greece imparted such refined beauty to what elsewhere appears as uncouth, though picturesque, superstition.

Herr Emanuel Hoffmann's§ essay on the myths relating to Saturn and Jupiter runs counter to the majority of recent expositions. He maintains that these myths are connected with the immigration of the Hellenic colonists of Greece and Magna Græcia, that they had originally no religious significance, and that their original constituents are no metaphysical abstractions, but actual personages and circumstances. In endeavouring to establish this theory, he seems to overlook the fact that the immigrants must to a greater or less degree have brought their mythology along with them, and, in confining himself to the mythology of Greece, to shut out the perhaps inconvenient light which might have accrued from a wider induction. The essay is intended as the first of a series in support of the author's hypothesis.

Herr Roos's essay on Augustine and Luther|| is devoted in the first place to establishing an evident parallel between the two men, and in the second place to the enforcement of the less obvious deduction, that so remarkable an agreement must be attributable to a special supernatural influence.

The most obviously original feature of F. A. Hartsen's disquisition on philosophy as an exact science¶ is the enrichment of the philosophical vocabulary by a new and formidable term, "organismology." The employment of it, however, indicates a laudable disposition to ground speculation as far as possible on experimental observation.

It is characteristic of our epoch that "the signs of the times" as they present themselves to the observation of an intelligent spectator like Herr Alexander Schweizer** should be mainly of a theological character. This volume consists of a series of essays on recent intellectual movements in Germany, all connected either with the decay of theological ideas or with the efforts made to restore them. The revival of exclusive Lutheranism under Stahl and Vilmar may excite little interest out of Germany; but Herr Schweizer's essays on Strauss and the pessimistic philosophy are calculated to repay attention. His own point of view is that of liberal Protestantism.

The first part of Rudolf Hirzel's investigations of points con-

* *Die Entstehung des Colonats*. Von Bernhard Heisterbergk. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Notitia Dignitatum. Accedunt notitia urbis Constantinopolitanae et laterculi provinciarum*. Berolini: apud Weidmannos. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Wald- und Feldkulte*. Th. 2. Antike Wald- und Feldkulte. Von W. Mannhardt. Berlin: Bontiesar. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Mythen aus der Wanderzeit der Graeco-Italienischen Stämme*. Von E. Hoffmann. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Augustin und Luther. Ein historisch-apologetischer Versuch*. Von J. Roos. Gütersloh: Bertelsman. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Philosophie als Wissenschaft*. Von F. A. Hartsen. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Asher & Co.

** *Nach Rechts und nach Links. Besprechungen über Zeichen der Zeit aus der letzten drei Decennien*. Von Alexander Schweizer. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Denkwürdigkeiten des Staatskanzlers Fürsten von Hardenberg*. Herausgegeben von Leopold von Ranke. 4 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

connected with the philosophical writings of Cicero* is principally occupied with an essay on the authorities followed by Cicero in the composition of the first and second books of his treatise *De Natura Deorum*. These, Hirzel thinks, were for the first book the Epicureans Zeno and Philodemus, and for the second the Stoics Posidonius, Apollodorus, and Panaetius. The discussion is very perspicuous as well as erudite.

F. A. Lange†, the eminent historian of Materialism, left behind him the first part of a treatise on logic which was intended to effect important modifications in this science. The general drift of this portion of the work is best stated in his own words:—"Es genügt gezeigt zu haben, dass die Logik nirgend sonst festen Boden findet, als in den Gesetzen, welche aus der Betrachtung des Raumes und der Bewegung im Raume hervorgehen."

Herr Schellwien's investigation of "the law of causality in nature"‡ is made to lead up to a refutation of the Darwinian theory on metaphysical grounds, which will be equally unintelligible to its advocates and to its impugnors among naturalists.

Dr. E. Dreher§ also examines Darwinism from a philosophical point of view; but rather as a psychologist than as a metaphysician. As a naturalist he yields an almost unreserved assent to the theory of development; but in the second part of his essay he strives with much ingenuity to show that it will not support the materialistic conclusions that have been deduced from it, and is only philosophically defensible on the hypothesis of the duality of spirit and matter. His argument is mainly based upon psychological observations, especially those relating to unconscious mental action.

The scope of Dr. F. Toula's geological tour in the Western Balkan|| is principally scientific. It nevertheless contains numerous topographical sketches and minor incidents of travel which impart considerable interest to it at a time when attention is so strongly directed to the region of which it treats.

Palmén's treatise on the migrations of birds¶ is a translation, with additions, of a work which has recently appeared in Swedish. It is an essay of great merit and value, containing copious references to the dispersed literature of the subject, and a synopsis of the leading facts already ascertained, especially with respect to the lines of route followed by migratory birds in Europe and Northern Asia. The author points out that these usually adhere closely to the shores of seas and the courses of rivers, which may be regarded as great natural highways. The migratory instinct has, he thinks, arisen gradually from the propensity of birds of all species to undertake short irregular excursions, reinforced by the changes of climate to which the extra-tropical portions of the earth are exposed, which would naturally give an advantage to those species in which the habit was most completely developed.

A treatise on general geography by F. Von Hellwald**, beginning, as some would consider, at the wrong end, supplies in its first volume an excellent account of the physical and political geography of America and Africa. The information is ably condensed, great care has been shown in excluding superfluous matter, and the copious illustrations form an unusual and very instructive feature.

The scope of R. Eitner's bibliography of the musical collections of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries†† is sufficiently explained by the title. It only remains to add that it is a work of extraordinary research, and indispensable to the student or amateur of ancient music.

The aesthetic criticisms of Dr. Ulrich‡‡ have obtained a deserved reputation, notwithstanding the occasional alliance of excessive profundity of interpretation with heaviness of style. In his new volume both faults are to some extent mitigated by the combination of historical narrative with pure criticism, the more important disquisitions treating of such practical subjects as the relation of the chief architectural styles to the various stages of civilization, the development of the ideal of the Madonna in the Church of Rome, and the characteristics of the great Italian painters. The contrast between classical and Christian art, and sundry points connected with Shakespeare, form the subjects of the remaining papers.

Gesprenzte Fesseln and *Ein Ehestandsrama* §§ are respectable novels of the average circulating-library class.

* *Untersuchungen zu Cicero's philosophischen Schriften*. Von R. Hirzel. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Logische Studien. Ein Beitrag zur Neubegründung der formalen Logik und der Erkenntnistheorie*. Von F. Lange. Iserlohn: Bredker. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Das Gesetz der Causalität in der Natur*. Von Robert Schellwien. Berlin: Müller. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Der Darwinismus, und seine Stellung in der Philosophie*. Von Dr. Eugen Dreher. Berlin: Peters. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Eine geologische Reise in den westlichen Balkan und in die benachbarten Gebiete*. Von Dr. Franz Toula. Wien: A. Holder. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Ueber die Zugstrassen der Vögel*. Von J. A. Palmén. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

** *Die Erde und ihre Völker*. Von F. Von Hellwald. Bd. 1. Stuttgart. Speeman. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Bibliographie der Musik-Sammelwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts*. Im Vereine mit F. X. Habert, A. Lagerberg und P. Pohl bearbeitet von R. Eitner. Berlin: Liepmannsolon. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Abhandlungen zur Kunstgeschichte als angewandter Aesthetik*. Von Dr. Hermann Ulrich. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Gesprenzte Fesseln. Roman*. Von E. Werner. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Keil. London: Kolckmann.

Ein Ehestandsrama. Roman. Von Franz von Nemmersdorf. 4 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

*Marcus König**, the new instalment of Gustav Freytag's great national romance, "The Ancestors," depicts the condition of Eastern Prussia about the time of the dissolution of the order of the Teutonic Knights. It is perhaps the most satisfactory section of the work yet published, a fact sufficiently explained by the nearer approach of the action to our own times. The essentially realistic talent of the author finds freer scope as his scenery and personages become more familiar, and as he is enabled to clothe contemporary ideas and incidents in the garments of the past. *Marcus König* may be somewhat deficient in unity and coherence, but is full of stirring scenes and lively sketches of character; the contrast between the German and Polish national types is in particular an inexhaustible element of picturesqueness.

Few among the "New Poets" of the late eminent poet Freiligrath† strictly deserve the appellation of new, the majority being occasional pieces which found their way into print almost immediately upon their composition. They form, however, a complete collection of the poet's pieces in this style, to which his genius, rather characterized by manly vigour than delicacy of imagination, was peculiarly adapted. The range of feeling is extensive, from elegant trifling to strong heartfelt emotion; some of the pieces composed under the latter influence, as, for instance, the beautiful lines on the interment of Mme. Kinkel, are exceedingly fine and striking. The republication of the political poems which occasioned the author's condemnation and banishment is a sign of the altered aspect of the times. The volume is closed by a series of translations from the English, exhibiting Freiligrath's wonted mastery in this department of his art. Some of them, where special difficulties had to be overcome, such as the renderings of "The Bells of Shandon" and Mr. Browning's lines on Tekay, are *tours de force* of the highest class.

Dante‡ is perhaps one of the writers in translating whom mere industry and scholarship, unaccompanied by genuine poetical inspiration, can be made to go furthest. More especially is this the case when the translation is in the metre of the original; for the preservation of this most difficult yet most essential form, independently of every other merit, is in itself a sufficient literary feat to atone for almost any drawback. It has been gallantly attempted and successfully achieved by Herr Karl Bartsch, whose version appears to be throughout most faithful and scholarly; but, as is apt to be the case with faithful and scholarly versions, somewhat deficient in the incommunicable poetic gift. The translator sometimes becomes almost prosaic in his anxiety for strict verbal accuracy; he has, however, shown sound independent judgment in renouncing the endeavour to preserve the feminine rhymes of his original, which are not merely cramping but undignified in Northern languages. A brief but adequate commentary is subjoined at the foot of each page.

The charming Indian drama of *Sakuntala*§ has been elegantly translated into blank verse by L. Fritze, whose aim has rather been to produce a generally comprehensible version than, like Rückert, to imitate the inimitable intricacies of the original metrical forms. He has also, in our opinion judiciously, converted the prose passages into verse.

Grote's collection of contemporary authors|| comprises some of the most agreeable recent writers, possessing a sufficient stamp of individuality to invest the series with a character of its own. The volumes hitherto published include Glagau's biography of Fritz Reuter, Wolff's humorous poems, "Till Eulenspiegel," and "The Ratcatcher," Raabe's tale "Horacker," Bodenstedt's dramatic works, and Anastasius Grün's posthumous poems, "In the Veranda." The only drawback in the type, which, though perfectly distinct, is old-fashioned and trying to unaccustomed eyes.

It is impossible to speak without sincere admiration of the energy and perseverance of Dr. Eugene Kölbing¶, who modestly describes himself as the editor of his "English Studies," while he has in fact written nearly the whole of the first number. The "Studies" are designed as a journal of English philology, and until we possess something similar in our own country, scholars in Early English could not be better employed than in aiding the indefatigable German. The first number contains a criticism on the text of the *Ormulum*, two metrical versions of the tale of Theophilus, an essay on two distinct versions of the legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory, and another essay on the sources of the mediæval romance "Li Beaus Disconus"—all by Dr. Kölbing. The only other important contribution is a paper on folk-lore by Felix Liebrecht.

The miscellaneous contents of the *Athenæum****, which may be described as a journal of moral and social science, and of physical science in so far as it admits of a connexion with moral and social questions, comprise several contributions of considerable value. Among these may be particularly mentioned an essay on moral freedom by E. von Hartmann, a review of the present

* *Die Ahnen*. Roman von Gustav Freytag. Abth. 4. *Marcus König*. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Neue Gedichte*. Von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Dante Alighieri's Göttliche Komödie*. Uebersetzt und erläutert von Karl Bartsch. 3. The. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Natt.

§ *Sakuntala*. Metrisch übersetzt von L. Fritze. Schloss-Chemnitz: Schmeitzner. London: Wohlaue.

|| *Grote'sche sammlung von Werken zeitgenössischer Schriftsteller*. Bde 1-6. Berlin: Grote. London: Kolckmann.

¶ *Englische Studien*. Herausgegeben von Dr. E. Kölbing. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Athenæum*. Monatschrift für Anthropologie, &c. Herausgegeben von Dr. Eduard Reich. Jahrg. 2, Bd. 1. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

condition of the Darwinian controversy by Otto Zacharias, and an exposition of the political ideals of the Latin race by M. Renouvier. One excellent feature of the periodical is the attention bestowed on reviews of the best foreign works on subjects falling within its department.

The January number of the *Rundschau* * begins with a novelette by Paul Heyse, where the setting of the story, a beautiful description of the scenery and popular manners of the Ligurian coast, is more attractive than the somewhat too artificial plot. Karl Hillebrand hardly redeems his promise of adding materially to the extant information respecting the Legitimist insurrection under the Duchesse of Berry; his narrative of this romantic enterprise, however, is very readable and spirited. W. Rossmann describes a recent visit to the monastery on Mount Athos; and E. Zeller condenses Lucian's accounts of the impostor Alexander and the enthusiast Peregrinus into a singularly entertaining essay. The anonymous writer on the Eastern question contributes another weighty paper, remarkable for its unreserved censure of Austria for having brought about the whole difficulty by her hesitating and ambiguous policy at the outset, and for its obvious indications of distrust of Russia as a possible ally of France. The February number has excited great attention by the publication of a series of letters from an envoy at the coronation of the present Czar, which have already appeared some years since in a Danish newspaper. The editor would hardly have ventured to ascribe them so decidedly to Marshal von Moltke without good warrant; it must be said, however, that their interest principally consists in the reputed authorship. They represent the great warrior in a familiar and amiable light. Heinrich Keller contributes another of his quaint tales of old Zürich. Nachtigall, the distinguished African traveller, discusses the Belgian project for an international exploration of that continent; and W. Scherer furnishes an able review of *Daniel Deronda*, founded on the just observation that George Eliot has in the present instance worked by a deductive rather than an inductive process.

* *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 3. Hfte. 475. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.
MR. RAINEY has the honour to give Notice that he is instructed by JOHN THIRLWALL, Esq., TO SELL BY AUCTION, upon the Premises, in the course of the month of March, the whole of the Rare and Valuable LIBRARY of BOOKS belonging to the late Right Reverend Connop Thirlwall, D.D., formerly Bishop of St. David's, and consisting of about 15,000 Volumes in various Languages, comprising Works in Theology, Philosophy, Philology, and General Literature; together with the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, WINE, and other Contents of his Lordship's late Residence at 30 Great Pulteney Street, Bath. Detailed particulars will appear in future Advertisements.
Auction Offices, 20 and 21 Southgate Street, Bath, February 15, 1877.

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